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TO A STAGNANT RIVER

BY ALICE CARY.

O, river why lie with your beautiful face
To the hills? Can you more him away from his place?
You may mourn—you may sadly him with soft sister murmur,
He will still be a flinty hill—you be a river.

The wilful, the wicked to waste to despair.
The traitors so many are dying to starve;
The gifts that we have, heaven lends for right using,
And not for spurning, and not for storing.

Ah, how can you murmur so low and so sweet—
Your fate lesson under his wicked, stony feet?
The millennial is wise who sings to her woes
All the same, to their flower or stone on his roses.

Let the moss have his love, and the grass and the dew—
By God's law he cannot be united with you.
His friend to be sudden, his life to be done,
You care not what you would, you must be what you must.

If into his keeping, your fortune you cast,
I tell you the end will be hatred at last.
Or death through stagnation—your rest is in motion—
The aim of your being, its circle and ocean.

Love cannot be love, with itself set at strife—
To ebb against nature is death and not life.
You may frown in the shadow or smile in the sun,
But the oil and the water will ne'er be as one.

Your pride and your peace, when this passion is crossed
Will pay for its struggle whatever it cost.
But though such disaster, though the heavens should fall,
To yourself, your Creator, be true first of all.

SILVERTHORNE;

OR,

THE HEIRS OF CHESWOLD MANOR.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER IV.

AN AWFUL EVENTUALITY.

Early on the day following the return of the baronet from Farworth, Owen Murdock, with his brother-in-law, Gerald Silverthorne, had travelled to Lowlands.

"I received a letter from his son, Sir Edward, this morning," said he, "and he will be here to-day."

"How is that?" returned Sir Edward. "This is not the season of vacation."

"I know it," admitted Murdock. "But Gerald has probably got a leave of absence just for a short visit. Did you see him while you were in London?"

"No. I had not time to visit him."

"Then he will be glad to see you now."

"I hope we shall find him well, and in the way of mental improvement." And thus speaking, the baronet turned to give some directions to a servant who had been waiting. He did not seem to slight his relation, for the other business demanded his attention.

Towards the middle of the forenoon the Lady Lorinda arrived, and took possession of the rooms which were set apart for her use at Cheswold. When she had thrown off her riding habit, and rested awhile, she and her guardian walked out upon the meadows, stopping at a point where the scene was most inviting, and sitting down upon a weather-worn rock. They had thus for spoken upon topics of general interest, following a light and lively conversation, in tone with the brook and sparkle of the rolling waters upon the smooth, hard beach. But as they sat down, they both grew sober and thoughtful. The baronet seemed to have something of importance upon his mind, while Lorinda, through a sort of electric sympathy, felt the influence of his intent.

"My dear child," he commenced, taking one of her hands, as was his wont when he talked seriously with her, "I am going to ask you a plain question, and I want you to give me an equally plain one in return. I have known you ever so you feel. I expect that Gerald Murdock will be here to-day. He may arrive before he returns before we return. His father told me that he had a letter from him and was expecting him. Should you like to see him?"

The maiden gazed up into her guardian's face, as though she expected to read there more than he had spoken.

"Curiously," she replied. "I should like to see him; for he used to be almost a playmate to me."

"Used to be?" repeated the baronet, with peculiar emphasis upon the last word. "And is he not as much so now as ever?"

"I don't know," returned Lorinda, gazing first down, and then looking up again. "I sometimes think that, as he is older and I grow older, we become more like strangers to each other. When we were children, and studied from the same books, we were free and social; but, of late years, he has been away so much, the books have seemed to part us."

"Exactly. I see," said Sir Edward. "And now," he added, with a change in his look and tone, "let me ask you one thing more: Suppose Gerald should ask you for your hand?"

The girl started—not with any depth of emotion, but with simple surprise.

"Ask me for my hand? I never thought of such a thing."

"Have no such thoughts ever passed your mind, Lorinda?"

"If they have passed, they have done no more," she answered quickly. "I never gave them a serious consideration."

"And you have not formed a belief, 'it would not be strange if Gerald should think of such a thing with some seriousness."

"Why? Has he spoken with you?" asked the maiden, eagerly.

"No; he has never intimated such a thing directly. I judge only from the nature of circumstances. He is in line of blood the heir of Cheswold; and might it not be likely that he would look upon the heiress of Farworth as a convenient and eligible match, especially when we remember that gold hateful is my beautiful ward?"

Flattery from her guardian did not trouble Lorinda, so she had nothing to do but to reflect upon the graver subject of his remark. After a little thought she said, looking up into his face, and speaking with calm, frank earnestness:

"My dear guardian, I know from you more and I will answer you truly. The exact relation in new to me. Affairs had been none for me in my mind, the understanding which, until late evening, had been more than a year existed between you and me, would have effectually excluded it. Aside from the love I feel for you, my heart wears no other claims. As yet I do not dislike Gerald Murdock; but I am very far from loving him as you would intimate."

"And, at present, you would neither accept nor even offer of his hand if he were to make it?"

"You are right, I should wish to see and know him better."

"I thank you, darling."

"But," interposed Lorinda, seeing the baronet by the arm as he was about to arise, "let me ask you a question. Do you think that Gerald has any idea of seeking my hand?"

"I have no clue, save such as I have mentioned," replied Sir Edward, candidly. "I can only judge of his disposition by what I feel that I should do, were I in his place. He can make known his desires or it may please him; but I wished to know how you felt in advance. And now, my sweet one, we will wait for further developments."

"One thing more," the maiden urged, still detaining her guardian by the arm. "You have called up new thoughts in my mind, and as yet they are entirely unreconciled by any deeper emotions. If Gerald should make such a proposition to me—if he should ask for my hand—circumstances, simply in themselves, might have immediate and important influences. As a man I know you think of his character. What think you of him? How has he conducted himself since he has been out in the world?"

Sir Edward bowed his head, and thought. At length he said, in a low, careful tone, that spoke of the precarious basis that would not wrong on innocent person:

"I would not tell you, my child. Remember, it has been almost a year since I have seen him. But we can judge when we meet. I can tell if you observe him carefully, you can safely form your own opinion concerning."

"It is enough," said Lorinda. And then she arose, and walked by her guardian's side along the beach.

In the meantime there had been a conversation at the house touching this same subject. Not long after Sir Edward and his ward had a horseman rode up the park and dismounted at the door. He was a young man, of eight-and-twenty years; not very tall; and rather fleshy. In fact, there was a tendency to obesity in his form, though there seemed a goodly amount of muscular development as the foundation. His head was small, and somewhat low, his greatest thickness being before and behind the ears. His face was not a bad one to look upon; though in it his eyes were rather too unpleasant expression, especially when he was excited into some extent anger look.

And such was Gerald Murdock, Owen's only child. He had, in years gone by, found a home at Cheswold, and Sir Edward had taken upon himself the expense of his education. He was the only child of his parents; though he had only near relative by blood that the baronet had living. Owen Murdock had never been on with apparent warmth, and then asked those questions touching his journey which would naturally be suggested under the circumstances.

"You would like some wine, Gerald, after your hard journey, I suppose," said he, as he led the way into one of the drawing-rooms.

"I should prefer brandy," replied the son. "I have had a hard tag, and need something a little more generous than wine. My waggon of grapes."

So brandy was ordered, and the conversation turned upon the young man's professional prospects.

"I tell you plainly, governor," said Gerald, helping himself to the third glass of brandy, "that I don't like the law. However, if the need should come, and I could make a living."

"Why, I might turn to it," replied the other, "but I don't like it. I'd rather engage in a horse dealer's business. I'd rather be a horse dealer than a lawyer."

"I know it ought to, my son; but will it?"

"It will if my uncle don't give us the slip."

"Ay," returned Owen, with a shake of the head, "but that slip he easily gives. Sir Edward is yet hale and strong. In fact, he is right in the prime of manhood; and, if he does rise, I fear our hope is gone."

Gerald's brow darkened, and his hands were clutched upon his knees.

"Is there no way to marry with Lorinda Vernbrook?"

"There can be no doubt of it."

"Pshaw! I have been looking that way myself. If he does that, my cousin is shattered to the ground. I have dreamed in earnest that I was heir of Cheswold, and that the fair domain of Farworth came to me with the hand of its lovely owner. I have that Sir Edward had shown an inclination that way, but I did not suppose the girl would have him."

"You were wrong there, Gerald. She would do anything to please him. If he says marry, marry it will be."

"But," cried the young man highly excited, "this must not be! I cannot be! I will not lose every prospect of life thus! Sooner than let him take the girl, young heiress of Farworth for his wife, I'd—I'd——"

"What, Gerald? What would you do?"

"Never mind. I'll think of it."

And then, for a little time enough, and we can think to a better purpose if we think by it. So let the matter rest for now. You see, will soon be here, and Lorinda with him. And then, my son, we will see what we will see."

Gerald took another glass of brandy, and then left his father and went into the park, where, one long, they met the baronet and his ward. Sir Edward greeted the young man kindly, and then presented Lorinda. She was glad to see him, but she could not quite set herself down to the proper standard. The burden of the conversation which had passed only a short time before was upon her, and it required an effort to throw it off. Her guardian, however, quickly comprehended her difficulty, and came to her assistance, and ere long they were conversing quite freely and naturally. Gerald's tongue was loose and fluent, and when he chose to exert himself he could talk well, with no difficulty in entertaining her.

"How is it, Gerald?" asked the baronet. "that you are away from the court at this season? I thought business was brisk?"

"By my life, you'd think it was, brisk if you had it to attend to," replied the young man, in a rattling way. "For four months I've been at it, night and day, and a weak spot I got my head clear, so that I could run off, and breathe the fresh air at Cheswold for awhile."

The baronet seemed satisfied with the reply, and by and by he and Owen walked away together, leaving Gerald and Lorinda alone each other. For a while the maiden felt a little uneasy in the presence of one who evidently designed control over herself, and listened to her companion with some show of interest. By and by they talked of the old times, and then of the present; and before the ladies, for she did not wholly like Gerald's tone and manner when he was telling of his adventures in the city of metropolis. It sounded to her very much as though he enlarged a little upon the truth. She might be mistaken, but then she could not help her feelings.

In the meantime the two men had walked towards the house, and Owen tried, in a roundabout way, to draw from Sir Edward what he thought of Gerald, but the baronet evaded the direct issue. He hoped that his nephew would prosper, and he meant to help him if he could; but he did not say how he would help him, nor did he intimate how much confidence he reposed in him.

Gerald was warned of being in favor entitling to his further prospects," he said, as though he would dismiss the subject. "We shall of course see that some provision is made. At present I presume that his profession yields him something, and when he has found some sort of a settlement for life, I shall know better how to meet his wants. At all events, he won't be likely to be in great need till he gets a wife."

"Ah," replied Owen, with a shake of the head, "the Lord only knows when that will be. I fear he will not easily find the companion for a happy marriage."

"He must look sharp, and look correctly," said the baronet.

"Perhaps he has done so," rejoined Owen. "And perhaps he has fresh his heart where he had cannot go."

"Ah—I was not aware of that. How is it?"

"You must ask him. I only judge from some disjointed utterances which I caught when I know not that I heard him. I hope for the best, and yet I fear that he may suffer."

The baronet did not reply to this, but walked along, with his eyes bent upon the ground, for several minutes, and then he finally replied, in a upon another subject. Owen had been watching him closely, and he may have fancied that he could read his thoughts; but since he was entirely on the wrong track, it is not likely that he succeeded.

At a late hour Owen Murdock was glove with his son.

"I have touched the baronet upon a tender spot," the parent said. "We were speaking of the probability of your marrying, and I intimated to him that you had already bestowed your love upon a maiden, but that your hand could not go with it. Of course he knew my meaning, and it affected him considerably. He was ready enough to leave your marriage alone, and to say nothing about it."

"And yet, father," returned Gerald, with considerable annoyance, "I think you are mistaken. I love Cheswold Lorinda, and I do not believe that she expects to become the wife of my cousin. I understand the subject so carefully that she could not have understood my intent, and if she did, everything I think I can read that she will not be married to Sir Edward."

"Perhaps," said Owen, after a pause, "Lorinda does not relish the match."

"I don't care about that," persisted Gerald, with increased impatience and some anger, "but I am confident that the lady Lorinda does not. Of course there is a possibility that I may be mistaken, but I do not think so."

"Perhaps," said Owen, after a pause, "Lorinda does not relish the match."

"It may be so."

"Then my poor soul, I should hope so, and yet I can hardly credit it. She will do just as her guardian bids her. He will marry her to his son, and that he does with it I am certain. But we shall see."

And there were two others who had a word to say upon the transactions of the day. Before she retired, Lorinda went in to kiss her guardian, and bid him good-night.

"What of Gerald?" the baronet asked, before he let her go.

The maiden hesitated.

"He speak plainly, darling. Do you like him?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I should fear him. His presence is chilling and dark. He is not true. He is not honest."

"Perhaps you may feel differently when you know him better."

"Then I should have to forget these first impressions, and I do not think that could be easily done."

"Very well. You may be right. Good-night."

And when Lorinda had gone, Sir Edward sat there in his great chair, with his head resting upon his hand, until the candle burned down, and the blackened wick lay at the edge of the cup, dropping its waxen tears upon the table.

CHAPTER V.

ON THE SEA, AND IN THE SEA.

For several days things moved on at Cheswold in an ordinary course. Old Silverthorne came once or twice, spending some time in the baronet's library. What was the nature of his business no one outside of the library knew. The gate-keeper had seen him again and again, and had been puzzled more than before. In fact, the poor fellow had rubbed his head so much in his vain endeavors over the, to him, mysterious affair, that the naturally tough and ox-like skin had become sore and tender. Gerald had spent much time in the society of Lorinda, and more than once had he resumed his effort to gain some clue to her intentions touching marriage with the uncle, but in this he was wholly unsuccessful. She may have been a little suspected on the subject of these first interview, but she had not been close. She evidently fathomed his intent, and avoided the issue. Moreover, Gerald discovered that she did not betray any deep interest in his stories of metropolitan life, though she did seem interested when he came suddenly and eloquently down to house affairs, thus giving her an opportunity to express her own thoughts and feelings understandingly, which she did with so much grace and purity, that her companion often found himself actually giving place in his mind to elevated emotions.

The result of all this was, that Gerald finally made up his mind that he loved the maiden, towards which conviction there were probably three causes at work. First—The lady was young and beautiful, and would make a wife of whom any man might be proud. Secondly—she was heiress of the rich domain of Farworth, and would thus bring considerable wealth to Cheswold. And, thirdly—he had come to believe that she meant to marry with his uncle. This last consideration, if it did not give direction to one position, at least quickened and intensified the feelings of his heart, and made him more eager and impatient. He had had enough of his love to Lorinda. He was not bold nor reckless—far from that. From a natural instinct of his nature, he was waiting for some under current to work in his favor, he might sweep on secretly and more securely.

One pleasant morning Owen Murdock proposed a hunting excursion, and as Sir Edward had no excuse for refusal, he agreed to join in the sport. So the horses were brought out and saporisoned, the dogs collected, and the gamekeeper armed, all equipped, and they sat out after breakfast the party set forth, to be gone all day. Lorinda spent the forenoon in the library, and after dinner she walked down upon the beach. Near the enclosure she met with Spencer, her guardian's old boatman, and the man seemed to be one that she would have a call. The weather was so fine, and the sea so smooth, that the prospect was too tempting to be resisted, and accordingly she made known to the old man her wishes.

"I'm all ready, my lebdy," said Jack, giving a pull upon the rim of his bright portcullis, and then bowing to his fair employer.

"But you can call the barge easy enough," suggested Spencer, with a twinkle in his eye and a good deal. Come—the folks have all gone, and the house deserted."

"In course you and I can sail her easy enough, my lebdy," said Jack.

"You—and see how smooth the sea is, Jack."

"I know it, my lebdy. It's smooth enough now, but it mayn't be for a long time."

Then, cried the sturdy guard, giving her head a toss as she surveyed the clear sky, "there won't be any trouble to-night."

The old sailor swept the horizon with a curious gaze, and finally pointed to a small cloud in the northwest.

"If you look there, Miss Lorinda," he said, with his eye fixed upon the point thus designated. "If you see that cloud, you'll see a little of it. Now, it's 'Mas. not often, on this section of the country, that we get a furious gale from the North Channel. Sometimes there's a heavy one from the south-west, but when it's a long way off to them cold waters—some of 'em—and we see a cloud in the north winds don't make no difficulty o' findin' their way into here."

"I know all that, Jack; but surely there is no danger this afternoon. Your skin always right in it."

"My dear lebdy, you ax the Isle o' Man?"

"No," said Lorinda, looking off over the sea. "But you are not in plain enough sometimes?"

"Yes."

"And why can't you see it now?"

"Because it's a little hazy, Jack."

"So it is, Miss Lorinda."

Jack spoke the words impatiently from the minister's lips. "Don't be so fearful, Jack. It is very pleasant, and we can be back before more. For my part, I don't believe we're going to have a bit of unpleasant weather. If you say so, we'll only stand off and on, so that we can run into shore easily."

"I said nothing for myself, Miss Lorinda."

"Then you shall have it your own way. Come—get on the barge, and let's have a sail—that's a good fellow. You shall have the helm, and make sun fast, and hold the helm, and—and—do anything you want."

Jack Spencer could not withstand the entreaties of the fair petitioner, and evidently he gave up, and brought the barge out from the boat-house. It was a beautiful little craft, sharp-rigged, and carrying a spanking set of sails—all when required. It was decked over from the bows to the quarters, affording quite a convenient bunk room in the cuddy thus formed; while the room in the stern-sheets was nicely arranged for the comfort of voyagers. On the present occasion Jack left the gaff-guard in the house, and did not unfurl the flying jib, seeming to think that the jib and head, being minimal

would be about as much as they would care to handle. When the rolls had been loosed, and the sheets rove, Lorinda took her seat, and presently soon they were bounding away over the waters.

"O—Jan! this delightful!" cried the buoyant girl, as she faced the pure, fresh breeze. "How much better than being shived up all alone in the great house!"

"Which anybody to keep company with," suggested Jack.

"Aye," responded Lorinda.

"With Sir Edward gone."

"Aye!"

"And—with Master Gerald gone, too," added the old man, casting a farting glance into his companion's face.

"No more of that, Jack," said Lorinda, prickly.

The sailor's quick eye caught the shadow that was through at frame, and he seemed to comprehend its meaning; for, as he turned to give an extra turn of the jib-sheet around the cleat, he muttered loud enough for her to hear, though such was evidently not his intention,—"Thank Heaven for that!" And then, as though he felt called upon to change a subject which had reached so definite a point, he said,—

"This is the first time I've had the helm out for a month. Sir Edward don't seem to care so much about sailin' as he used to. I think he's a-gittin' kind o' melancholy like, don't you?"

Lorinda started, for this remark touched her deeply. Her guardian had been melancholy—she knew it. For a moment there was a painful series of self-reproach; but she soon put it away. Surely she was not the cause. No—she was decided she saw evidence enough to convince her that the source of the intruder's trouble was outside and beyond herself.

"Still," pursued Jack, when he saw that his companion was silent, "I kin't say-taking now for him to be melancholy. He's suffered a good deal. Reckon don't ye think that the loss of Owen Murdock is kind o' gloosoome to him?"

"O, Jack!" she replied, "I don't see why of our luminous how he may regard his brother-in-law. My main end is to understand him. Now sing me something."

The old sailor felt that he had ventured upon forbidden ground; and, to make his peace with the lovely girl, he loosed from control of his throat, and piped forth the wonderful ditty of "The Green Sea Shark."

"Good!" cried Lorinda, when the song was concluded; and, to give force to her plaudit, she pealed forth the refrain—

"Too bedeeves all, I pay you, grieve,
And do some pity take,
To think what sailors do receive
All from this great Sea Snake!"

"Darn!" cried Jack, in chime. "And now, sweet lady, you must sing to me."

Nothing could please her better than thus to gratify the wish of the kind-hearted old man; and she sang some of her sweetest songs, and she did not applaud these as he had applauded the refrain to his own ditty; but appreciated it the deeply for that; and more than once he was caught in the act of wiping the salt water from his rough, brown cheek.

And time passed the minutes away—stretching out into hours—old Jack singing, in a voice by no means unmusical, stuff songs of the ocean, and his fair companion responding to the sweet notes of hers and soul, with themes of home and heaven. And during all this time the boat had been leaping blithely over the waves—straight out to sea—the gentle breeze seeming to keep time to its bounding to the music of her master. Thus out, until some few leagues separated them from the point they had left. Lorinda had just ceased singing, the soft cadence of her music still trembling upon the air, when Jack gave a start as though something frightened him.

"What is it?" asked Lorinda.

"We've been careless—very careless. Look out for the jib sheet, lady!"

They had thus far had the wind very nearly abeam, upon the starboard side, and as Jack spoke, he put up the helm, and eased off the sheets, for the purpose of bringing the wind more standing back. As soon as the boom had been shifted over, and the boat's head was pointed in-shore, he spoke again:

"What in the world 'ere I been thinkin' on! I'd no idee we'd run so far."

"But, Jack, where's the trouble? With this breeze we may soon run back to the shore."

"Aye—it' this breeze. But we won't have this breeze long. I'm afeared."

And as the old man thus spoke he cast an uneasy glance upon the horizon away in the direction of the South coast.

"I ought to 'ave known'd better."

"But, dear Jack, what is the matter?"

"Just look here, my gal, lady, to be sure! Ain't we' weath'. D'ye see the color o' heat there, wi' a line o' blood seen to the water?"

"It does look curious out there," admitted Lorinda, when she had looked in the direction.

"Well,—tha's where there's wind bottled up, an' when the cork pops out it'll howl and hiss. But I hope we'll escape it."

And yet the old sailor's face showed that his hope was not a well-founded one. He looked anxious, and continued to abuse himself, in restless manner, for having been so unobservant.

"If I'd only 'a looked," he said, "I might 'a send all that on hour ago."

"Never mind that now," urged the maiden, who was far more moved by fear for the safety of the threatened danger. "What is passed is passed, and cannot now be recalled. Here we are, and let us hope for the best. If there is any blame, let it fall upon me, as I ought to be shoulder."

"No," replied the boatman. "If there's blame, it is mine. I ought to 'ave kept my eye open. But we won't worry our heads about it. Leastwise, we'll keep up all we can. An' yet—when I look out here, it looks as if makin' no good to keep."

"Then I wouldn't look off there, Jack. Look towards Cheswold. There's where we are bound."

But the old man could not do this. His eyes would ever and anon turn to the dark point, as though some wild beast were lurking there, which might at any moment spring upon him. In a very short time an enormous bank of cloud broke from his lips, and a blanched spot was upon his cheek. The wind had died away as though a broad shield had been suddenly interposed, and a dead, still stillness settled over the waters, with glo on and threatening.

Had the old sailor been alone, there would have been no quiver in his heart, for he was used to danger; but now, as he gazed upon the fair, frail form of the maiden, and remembered how much was at stake in her person, the sense of responsibility came crushingly upon him.

"What is it now?" asked Lorinda, speaking in a hushed tone.

"It's coming," replied Jack.

"What's coming?"

"The wind, my lady."

As he spoke, there came a puff from the southwest, and he was forced to let the boom over upon the larboard quarter.

"Is that it?" asked the maiden.

"No," answered Jack. "It aint a comin' from that way. This won't last long."

Shortly after this Lorinda called her companion's attention to the buoy, which had been secured upon the forecastle, and which seemed to be working itself clear of its buoyant. It was of conical shape, made of light cork, and was chicky used as a finder, to keep the large from caching when in the hands-boom.

"If you'll hold the tiller a minute, I'll go for'rd an' secure that buoy," said Jack.

"I can hold it," replied Lorinda. "Don't be afeard. I'll not capsize it."

The old man had reached the heel of the bowsprit, and was upon the point of taking a turn of the buoy-rope around one the cleats, when a flaw struck the boat, and sent the nave-mast.

"Look! What is that?" she cried.

He did look, and away to the north'rd and west'rd, in the direction of the land-sea sky, with the blood-red line upon the horizon, he saw a long line of crested waves, advancing like a host of white-plumed warriors; and at the same time he noticed that the puff from the opposite direction had increased.

"Hold hard!" he shouted, starting to his feet, and hurrying aft. "Secure the helm like a starboard! Let her come up to it if she will!"

Under ordinary circumstances the girl might have comprehended the order; but she did not now. As the wind had been upon the starboard quarter when she took the helm, she had see seen upon that side, and instinctively pushed the tiller from her. And the boat obeyed her—made but little, if any, difference; for, as Jack reached the helm, the wind was upon the other side upon them.

"Down! down!" he cried, as he saw the luxury boom about to jibe.

The maiden caught her head in season to avoid the danger; and, as she felt the boat lean over beneath the blow, she resumed crouching position in which she was sitting, and looked Jack. As soon as the boom had jibed he swung and sister for the helm.

Another sound—another cry—and she saw Jack Kennard's head appear above the gunwale see, far, far beyond her reach! When could she see it? In the instant of self-forgetfulness she had not what to do. She saw the old man rise and stand with his gray head and long, flowing waves—she saw his cry for help—and she could only stretch forth her hands towards him, and gaze upon him with agonizing eyes.

A moment thus, and then a ten dashed over the boat's quarter, and Jack was seen struggling in the bulkhead of the cabin, and for a time closing her consciousness to the awful scene!

CHAPTER VI.

AFTER THE STORM.

Lorinda had been injured by the fall, and as soon as consciousness returned, she struggled to her feet, looking on by the frenzied terror of the moment. She saw the capsized wreck of Jack, she also gazed around to see if she could discover him; but he was nowhere in sight. Then her eyes in every direction, till the wild light of madness began to gleam in them.

Suddenly she turned her face in the direction of Cheswold, and she would turn the boat's head in that direction, when a sudden thought of the helm was felt, and as the bows came up, she saw that the jib had been shivered to pieces, and that the fib was still on, with its sheet flying out over the water, and dragging before the wind. The sky had grown black and terrible; the sea was rising, the waves strongly rolling about her, and a low, moaning sound, like distant thunder, was heard.

But—she was being driven towards home—She looked at it so. No! Away in the dim distance, like a grim specter, she saw the outlines of the turrets of the old manor house; and they were upon her left hand. She was being driven to the northeast, and it was sweeping her farther from the land. Then, as though impelled by reason or reflection, she seized the tiller, and turn it down. She found that she could steer, and she put

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

SONG OF THE LAUREL.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

On the tallest summit of Eden,
When the stars together sang,
And the sons of God grew mirthful,
My aspiring branches sprang;
How the great archangels watching,
Smiled to see the sprightly thing
Of the earliest, truest sentinel
Towering in the grandest mien.

II.

Men who were to Other Nature
The Humanity's kindred—
Men whose mission was to lighten
North and South and East and West;
Lashers with the sizes of science,
Scorch-pot and engraving;
Evermore for God's Right wearing
On the dearest seat of Wrong.

III.

Still my emerald leaves are towering
On their never-dying boughs,
To entwine the sisters worthy
Who are bearing loudest hosts—
For on Eden's tallest mountain,
When the stars together sang,
And the sons of God grew merry,
My sapphire branches sprang!

PURE IN HEART.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"For they shall see God."

It will sometimes happen that a moral sentiment, a religious truth, or some precept from the Divine Word, is cast into the mind, as if a voice had given it utterance, and thereupon lies itself thereon with a strongly questioning interest.

So it happened one day with Mrs. Florian, a church-going and ordinarily-thinking member of the strictly formal class, who regard worship as including little beyond fashionable services, and prayers by rote. The passage—for, in this instance, it was passage and not text—on the tongue of a minister had found a resting-place in her mind, was this utterance of our Lord, when touching from the mount—"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Mrs. Florian had read, and repeated from memory, this verse, hundreds of times, but now it dwelt with her, impressed with a meaning far deeper than the obvious one she had always accepted. This promise to the pure in heart, as she understood it, was merely a promise of admission into heaven, after death, where they would be visible.

It so happened, while Mrs. Florian's mind brooded darkly over the passage, sometime of a morning spent her room, that the minister of a friendly call from her minister.

"I am glad to find you," said he, on entering, "that you have been in my thought all the morning," she said, "and I can't remove it."

"You should not desire the removal of so precious a companion," replied the minister, with a serenity unlike his own. "God is present in his Word, and when that dwells in our thoughts He is near us. He is our loving, guardian gift. What is the verse?"

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," replied Mrs. Florian.

"And what have been your thoughts, my friend? With that passage in your mind, thought has no doubt busied itself in both profitable ways."

"Two questions have arisen," said Mrs. Florian—"two questions that I have not been able satisfactorily to answer. You must not make at my lack of perception."

"What are they?"

"In the first place, I am not clear as to the meaning of pure in heart. For my own bad sake to me, as I stepped from the church door on Sunday last, that I did not comprehend what was involved in these simple words. I think my heart would have given an undigested throw. Then, I am no clearer in regard to the privilege of seeing God. What does that really mean?"

"To the pure," said the minister, is to be innocent, chaste, guileless, holy, free from guilt or defilement. This all visible concept. To pure in heart is to have the will cleansed, for heart signifies the will, or what is affectional in our nature. We see by thought—observantly, by the will, from which thought springs. Where power, is drifted by evil, clearly of in sunlight. If the will or heart be pure, then, we can see how the pure in heart are able to see God, for God is everywhere, and to all things and circumstances, but visible only when the sight is clear."

Mrs. Florian's face grew shadowed as the minister spoke.

"See God while we are yet in this world?" There was questioning and doubt in Mrs. Florian's voice.

"Yes. See Him in His works and in His providences. In the one there is the open revelation, the soul of nature; in the second, the full act, in the pure that completes the trinity—even to a second of time; in the stars that grow the sky, and in the forces that make earth fragrant and beautiful—in all things visible to mortal sight, the work of His hands. And we see Him none the less distinctly by a more interior vision, as all His dealings with the children of men."

The shadow of perplexed thought was not removed by the minister's words, from the countenance of Mrs. Florian. She accepted the general proposition, but, in accepting it, acknowledged that she was not able to see God in what He works or His providences. Must she take the arguments to its final result? Was she not therefore, pure in heart?

"Unless," resumed the minister, who understood his parishioner, "the purity is, in other words, our loves, be pure—that is, free from selfish element—the eyes of our spiritual cannot discern truth, in which God is made visible to spiritual sight. There is a purity as well as a natural sight, Mrs. Florian. Our souls can see, as well as our bodies; for, our material eyes have no power of sight, except as the soul, which alone actually sees, gives them the ability to reflect science, and convey, by a wonderful and mysterious adaptation of nervous fibres and fluids, images of the outer world to our inner consciousness."

"I see, but as in a glass, darkly," was the response of Mrs. Florian.

"I know a woman whose vision is clear, and she minister, "who sees God in all his works and in all his providences."

"Then she must be pure in heart."

"If only the pure in heart see God, we may believe that much of human selfishness has been removed from her will," replied the minister. "The measure of impurity may be inferred from the measure of selfishness, for this is the source of all moral darkness."

"Who is she?" asked Mrs. Florian.

"Would you like to see her?"

"Yes."

"Her ways are not before the world. She has no notable lot."

Mrs. Florian looked inquiringly at the minister. He saw the interest fading from her eye.

"She is one of God's poor as to outward things, but rich in interior graces. The garments she wears are not bound but to look upon, but her spirit is clothed in angel-vesture. I think you will understand this subject which you have been pondering unevenly, yet with glimpses of light, for better after spending an hour with one who has passed through the valley of the moons, she settled and purchased a small collection of good books and placed them in the widow's house. Beyond this, she obtained the re-operation of a few benevolent ladies, and established a fund from which Mrs. Fielding was paid for devoting her evenings exclusively to the work of tutoring and helping the four young girls in her neighborhood to rise into a just appreciation of their own powers, duties and destiny. There was a heavenly magnetism about Mrs. Fielding, that unconsciously to those girls, when once within her sphere, and her influence over them was very apparent. She was able to inspire them with a love of self-improvement, and to fill them with a desire to please of thought in which they had lived, as to make them comprehend their inherent power to please themselves.

Mrs. Florian and the minister, as we have said, sat talking together a few minutes later. We shall only record a portion of what passed between them.

"I never see in anything, to clear an indistinct view, like the sight of a child," she said. It was the hand of God that led me to Mrs. Fielding. She was a stranger to me, and I called for me to do, and thereupon her I was to find it."

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," said the minister.

"Yes, blessed are they," answered Mrs. Florian, not seeing what was in the minister's thought. "I had been troubled in my own spiritual life, for the eyes are clearer, seeing God in his providences, and the heart more grateful when its thankfulness were ever for Don. But she did not, and I was in darkness."

"I think the obscurity that once troubled you on the text, 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God,' will not trouble you much hours be pure, the eyes will be clear. We must be pure in heart if we see God in his Word, for the sense and worldliness defile the will, and blind, the understanding. We see God in His works everywhere, and at all times, present—present in the smallest and in the great, in the natural and nature. We may see His image in dew-drop and daisy, in the formation of the mountain and the sublimeness of the firmament; in history past and present, and in prophecy. We cannot open our eyes, but to it. His presence is manifest."

"Yes, there is not a spot where it is not clear," said Mrs. Florian. "I see but dimly yet; she was the right of the text."

"Mrs. Fielding?"

"Yes. I have not often speak of herself, or refer to her personal states and experiences. I have been afraid. I have been slow to draw out; and I shall not soon forget the clearness with which she was able to see the hand of a loving God in the darkness, and in all the disorderly

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

NEW YORK LEDGER, SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1861.

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

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IMPROVEMENT IN MORALS—A CONTRAST.

People who compare human life to a fly, with human life as it might be, are likely to survey the scene with extreme dissatisfaction. Not so those who compare life in the past with life as once was. The more minute and complete a man's knowledge of history is, the more he sees of the change which has taken place in the world in the time was, and within a hundred years, too—when vice and wickedness had popular, not concealed. *Of Charles James Fox*, a great statesman in England seventy years ago, it was truly remarked, that he offered almost the only vice he had the best substitute to surpass all men in his particular, as well as in talents. Fox had never hoarded thousand dollars by gambling before his well-known and public and lavish open and notorious vice. But this did not affect his standing in society in the least. It did not prevent his being the first man in the House of Commons, nor his receiving the votes of the nation, nor lose him the regard of the most virtuous of his contemporaries. Such was public decency, too, has been most remarkable. Eighty years ago, passages were printed in popular books and respectable newspapers, that, were allowed in respectable families, the publication of which would not subject the publisher to pay execution. We're not sure that poor Kirkwall's Almanac would now be permitted to be sold on incredibly indecent are some of its articles. But it was a household book a hundred years ago. So with reverted to intemperance. Then wine is still one of the greatest obstacles to the man welfare, but we can at least say that it is no longer a despicable, still less a wholesome, thing to drink to excess. Only a few years ago, it was regarded of a gentleman that he should occasionally get drunk. At the present day, deep drinking is absolutely unknown in good society, and even moderate drinking is not common. Probably more than half of the best houses in the United States know not the taste of wine, or intoxicating liquor from one year's end to another. Such a change in the community must show that in every respect man is better, and better off, than ever he was.

The proofs of this truth are not given as fully as they should be in formal histories. Such information is apt to fall in love with the age of which he writes, and to reach its highest point in his own hand. Read the memoirs, biographies, letters, newspapers, almanacs and popular books of the last century, if you would appreciate properly the much calumniated Nineteenth.

QUEEN THAW VS. KING FROST.

The gentle Goddess Queen Thaw and stern King Frost, gracious sportsmen. The weeping element, Queen Thaw, makes head against the fierce King Frost, despite his hardened obduracy. She breaks up his strength, she undermines his cold brow with tears to the melting pest of the sea. How the great diamonds and sapphires and pearls, shells, sands and grind and roll, as they are tossed on the mighty waves, sweet as this toll, were tears of Queen Thaw. There is trouble in the deep, but there is music and luminous drops—a strength greater than that of winter's icy sceptre and mace. Her breath hath magic in it. It passes into the industrial world, impenetrable to the power of ploughshare, and the soil becomes pliable as ever-ants in the summer sunshine. She comes with her sweeping fogs the white crests of the mountains, and when the wind blows, with its fine vapor, every peak is instruction and burst! With a touch she penetrates the locks, and the rock flowing through glen and woodland, hanging their hidden fetters on bough and leaf. A winter-silenced entered the passes in her chariot of blue and shining clouds, and its sealed silences gives is voice and motion, and perchance leaves a fragment of a sunbeam on the evening cloud. The birds hear her pattering footfalls in the meadow-land, and leave off pairing time and the song, and the squirrel, the wood-chuck and the field mouse grow practically amid the remains of their winter store, for they feel that spring is at hand. When the stupid earth worn and the blind mole found that the spring opened time before the frost-line, to welcome Queen Thaw!

All that Nature has prefected in three months, she demolishes in a week—and so quietly! With a strength shrunken at midnight and weary she tears to pieces and annihilates the adamantine empire of Frost.

CHILDREN'S RIGHTS.

Why should not a child's fancy in the way of food—we refer to their luscious dislike of certain things—be regarded, as well as their appetite? In our school we consider it a great piece of cruelty to force a child to eat things that are repulsive to it, because somebody once wrote a wise saw to the effect, "that children should eat whatever is set before them." We have often seen the poor little victims shudder and choke at sight of a bit of meat, or a little scum of cream on boiled milk; loathsome enough to those who like them, but in their case a purgatorial infliction. Whenever there is this decided antipathy, nature should be respected, *even to the person of the smallest child*; and he who would ameliorate is himself smaller than the child over whom he would so unjustifiably tyrannize.

JAPANESE PHILOSOPHY.

We are getting to know a good deal of the mysterious empire of Japan. In Paris has appeared a translation of a Japanese Manual of Philosophy, a little book that is used in all the schools of that country, and is made so familiar to Japanese youth as the Catechism is to the boys and girls of this country. It is, in fact, a kind of *Japanese Whole Duty of Man*. The following sentences may serve as specimens:

Heaven and Earth are the father and mother of all things. Man is the most intelligent, because he is more particularly the son of Heaven and Earth. Therefore he ought always to worship Heaven and Earth, and acknowledge by all means the infinite blessings of Heaven and Earth.

A child without filial piety will never prosper; much less man, the son of Heaven and Earth, if he does not obey them.

In order to arrive at perfection, we should devote ourselves altogether to our business; like the rat scouring the hole, and the bird watching the nest.

True knowledge is that which is required in order to govern ourselves and to govern well the country in which we live.

Every evening we examine the faults of the day in order to amend them to-morrow; every day we make progresses; in a month there will be the work of thirty days done; in a year will have 360 complete days' work; in a century, we advance in virtue, knowledge, and we have delighted us to the end.

Of all prudent things none is more precious for man than silence.

Do not rest even while taking breath. Both end as we shall rest.

Those who had an opportunity of associating with the Emperor Jimmo Tenno, and who were worthy, will not be surprised at the contents of this work. Simple-minded, unaffected, he was always serene and good-humored, always polite and genial to the meanest of his subjects, never boisterous, but never in haste or flurried. In the midst of novel and embarrassing circumstances they never lost their self-possession, politeness, or their dignity of mien. He was the first of the White House as on the balcony of the hotel when some "outside barbarian" threw a firecracker into one of their bands. He was the first in the inculcation of their Manual have much to do in forming the character of Japan. Already some of the scenes then transpired last summer, the question has been asked, "Are the Japanese Turks or barbarians?

If, on the strength of his embassy to their native land, they are said to have given another proof of their civility, it is equally and more evident that they know enough of political economy to have made up their minds to encourage and the consumer live together the better for both. They have not, like the Chinese, to be told, of sending to the United States for their sewing machines, pianos and a thousand varieties of which they took specimens with them. They think that they can do better than that. They mean to make their own goods, and to be believed that they are able to make them. If this be so, we have not only the prospect of having two millions in pure benevolence, while we thought we were merely doing a good stroke in the business. The benefiting six of philanthropists, as it will be known, has been prepared for, and had the advantage of doing a great deal of good on a foreign nation, without incurring the slightest risk of being pulled up by it.

ABOUT EGGS.

All the world and his cosmopolitan wife and family like new laid eggs. We don't, ourselves, eate their taste; on the contrary, we share it. The relish of eggs is debatable, and to prefer them fresh even a dun speculation is a matter of dozens of things." Tradition runneth not back to the time when eggs, in the country, were of evil repute, although the use of the white variety as a medium of cement has been popular with the recipients. Probably the unfeathered hens were fond of eggs, for it is a well known fact, attested that they feasted high, and what would a hungree be without eggs? The deed of Eve to the Patriarch of the Deluge, and his wife, sons, and daughters-in-law, was chiefly remarkable for their breakfast occasionally during their providentially enforced stay on board a vessel of poultry on board, and it is reasonable to suppose that they had, on the Lakin plan, new laid ass and again.

That the Egyptians were fond of eggs is beyond peradventure, for one of our sable clients brought home with him from Egypt some hieroglyphics which were more than three thousand years in the catacombs, having been placed there for embalmment among the mummies, in case they should wake up and feel peckish. Some of these eggs we have in our cabinet, described in the time of the early Pharaohs—hill, probably, before the children of Israel returned from their exodus by way of the Red Sea—two dozen, and many of them quite as perfect externally as if they had been bought in market yesterday. But although the consolation of the same date is said to have genuine, we have not yet heard that any of the eggs of that ilk have been set under hens and hatched.

To leave the ancient heathens and be peaceful, in this land of liberty, we have opposed hens are expected to commence their swipe-evening calisthenics. Our country friends are either expecting or already receiving those delightful presents of affection from their feathered dependents. Perhaps we may be able to put them up to a trick of "marrying up" the dilatory Dame Partlets. Some months ago we saw in a paper that a certain material wherewith to manufacture the white shells in which eggs are packed for sale is abundant in which they are suspended, are chalk-stones, in the neighborhood of Dover. A certain quantity of chalk or lime should therefore be mixed with the food on which the egg shells will do. Professor Gregory, of Aberdeen, in a letter to a friend, which has been published in an English newspaper, says: "As I suppose you have plenty of hens, I may say that it has been ascertained that if you mix with their food a small quantity of lime, the eggs have shells or chalk, which they eat greedily, they will lay, other hens, being equal, twice or thrice as many eggs as before."

THE STREETS OF LONDON.

John B. Gough, the Temperance orator, has chosen the "Streets of London," as the theme of a lecture, which is highly commended in the press. We, however, demur to the following passage from the lecture, as reported by us from the Daily Tribune:

Mr. Gough said in walking through some of the slums of New York he thought he might skip that part of his lecture which referred to the dens of London. *He gladly waited to see poverty and degradation ten times worse than it would be possible to find any where in the world, before go through some portions of the Fourth Ward.*

Now some portions of the Fourth and other wards in the lower part of the city, sometimes ably exhibit some lustiness and melancholy scenes of poverty and degradation, but to say that they are five times worse, or one-fifth as numerous, as the spectacles of the same character in St. Giles's, Seven Dials, various parts of Whitechapel, and other localities in the city of London, is "piling on the agony" a little too thick. Mr. Gough ought to know that the passage quoted above is not warranted by the facts, in short, that it is a gross exaggeration, totally at variance with the statistics of pauperism in the British Metropolis.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A HANDSOME MAN.

Well—in the first place, there must be enough of him: or, failing to that, but, cause to think of it, he must be full in the proportions there are no beauty without health, or at least, according to my way of thinking. In the second place, he must have a brunet; whiskers—as the gods please, but a beard I hold upon, else one might as well look at a girl. Let his voice have a dash of Niagara, with the music of a baby's laugh in it. Let his smile be like the breaking forth of the sunshine on a spring morning. As to his figure, it should be strong enough to command homage, and elegit enough to tremble in the presence of the woman he loves. Of course, if he is a well made man, it follows that he must be generous, on the principle that perfect mechanism always moves harmoniously, therefore you and your wife will talk pleasantly to your friends and neighbors as the tea-table. This style of handsome man would no more think of carving a cane, than he would see a parasol to keep the sun off his face. He would not wear gloves, or warm his hands in his breast pockets, as he walked, with the muscle of a baby's laugh in it. Let his smile be like the breaking forth of the sunshine on a spring morning. As to his figure, it should be strong enough to command homage, and elegit enough to tremble in the presence of the woman he loves. Of course, if he is a well made man, it follows that he must be generous, on the principle that perfect mechanism always moves harmoniously, therefore you and your wife will talk pleasantly to your friends and neighbors at

"OLD BOYS" COASTING.

BY GEORGE W. BUNDAY.

The snow has whitened hill and plain,
And Autumn leaves fallen are now laid
In drifts that will not melt again,
But they shall never chill with pain.
The "boy" that's brave and dolmaic.

So let us climb the hill that lies,
Like some huge giant in his strength;
The snow we safely strive to rise,
The scene we approach the skies,
And thinner grows the veil of cloud.

Up hill we trear the painted sled,
With weary steps the task we climb,
And then side part the breeze dead,
With wave on wheels that once were red,
Over the hills and vales of time.

Look up the dizzy heights of fame,
And see the "old boys" coasting there;
That one spoke high-winged with fame,
This one had pride no power could tame —
How swift their speed over through the air.

Down from Parsonus' lofty level
See proud passing empty by —
They climbed the steps from valse below;
Now their fair footsteps in the snow
No longer meet the traveller's eye.

Down, down, faster and faster still,
On "sleds" of various form they go;
Broken and broken, men of skill—
Soldiers and statesmen sweep the hill,
And less distinguished as before.

One on his "speculation" slides,
Another on his "college" goes,
This one his shifting "office" strides,
That one his splendid "affair" rides,
Over the crisp and frozen snows.

A few gifts safely down the steep,
But some, alas! are turned aside,
And over precipices leap
Into the vale of years, to weep,
Where fearful avalanches slide.

THE HARLOW ESTATE.

ITS HEIRS—REAL AND PRETENDED.

A TALE OF CITY LIFE.

BY P. HAMILTON MYERS,

AUTHOR OF "PAUL MORTON," "PERCIVAL OF THE SCHOOL," "RED DEARBORN," "THE DAY OF TRIUMPH," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"It's the best of *r*iverance, sure, mcn, that I can give you, and all in virgin' writin', too. Here's one in the nateet little bund—that's from Ginral Hale, over in Brooklyn, and here's another from Judge Jones, in Newark, and there's one from the Mayor of Philadelfy, that I lived in his house three hull years, and every child in it old enough to break his little heart when I left 'em."

"Cried, did they?"

"Sure, and it was cry they did, to say nothin' of the misthress gittin' on her second bon stih from what I kin off, and bigging me, almost, and toree herself, to think better of it, and stay wid 'em."

"And why did you leave such kind people, Bridget?"

"Love 'em! Is it lave 'em you said?"

"I certainly did not say 'love 'em,'" replied the somewhat stately lady who took part in this dialogue, and who looked with a languid indifference upon the eager applicant for a place in her kitchen, without observing that the latter was a little unpleased by her last question, and was repeating it in order to gain time to frame a plausible reply. "I asked why you left people who liked you so much, and treated you so kindly."

"Tin, now; sure and I'd never lift 'em at all but for say'en some comdon, who had just come over from the auld country, and were livin' here in New York. Shood a thought then was me mon, begin' yur pardon."

Mrs. Blakely looked listlessly over the recommendations—too listlessly to notice the remarkable similarity of handwriting in all three of the papers—too hurriedly to reflect that they were all dated at places as distant as not to admit of personal application to the writers.

She was dressed for a drive, and there was no time for such close investigations, especially as she was reduced to nearly a dollar and a half by the loss of her laundress, leaving her with only seven servants for a family of four people.

Such a state of things was not to be endured. The carriage was all "dust-cake." Bridget was summoned as being skilled in all the mysteries of housework, good-tempered, honest, faithful, affectionate, kind to children, etc., etc. Besides, unless the mayor of Philadelphia was another Aristides in morality, the lady of his house must have been a most desirable helpmeet for any honest man in search of a wife with a good head and brogue.

The highly commended girl was of course engaged on her own terms, which, to the surprise of her employer, were a little more reasonable than the skilled tariff of the day.

It needed no second glance at Mrs. Blakely, at her house and furniture, at the square in which she lived, and the style in which it flourished, to certain that she was a lady of wealth and fashion.

But a rather second look and thought might have discovered indications of something more than an ordinary degree of taste in the proprietress of the palatial mansion to which the fantastic garden-scene of Bridget's letter had recommendations. The house was very large, and the spacious parlors were illuminated by gas, and very elaborately filled with furniture of the richest materials, while scattered carelessly on all sides were those countless little elegancies of art which extend the entire domain of the ever-changing ideas in the arrangement and decorations of the rooms.

The habits of supply had evidently been abandoned, and there had been no idle excepting what good taste had suggested.

There was something, too, in the air of the interior of this great mansion, which seemed that she was quite at home amidst its magnificence. There was no affectation, and in her deportment, no appearance of expectation that beholders were to be struck with awe at the sight of her person or her dwelling.

Excepting what appertains to her, and her everything about her was evidently designed for use, as well as show.

Two children were romping unrestrained through the parlors, and tumbling over the velvet ottomans, and in the portal, too, where she chanced to be when Bridget called, she received the most affectionate welcome even continuing her to wipe the dust from her ample feet. But if Mrs. Blakely's appearance betokened wealth and refinement, it gave little evidence of happiness.

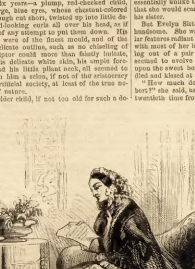
Haggard in face—pale in complexion, because she was fair, and had once been beautiful—with a mood which seemed to have taken a perpetual lease of her forehead, and could not be dispossessed, her fine lady would, perhaps, rather have excited pity than envy in the breast of an intelligent observer.

Whatever the particular phase of her trouble might be, it was evidently not light or of recent date. The skeleton in that great house must have been a co-tenant with the stately dame for many long years.

But whatever art could do to supply the loss of natural charms in the person of Mrs. Blakely, had been well done.

Her hair, thanks to the barber, was untouched by the first frost of age, (that frost which never melts); her teeth—at least her party teeth—were perfect and of the latest fashion; and if her eyes no longer flashed the light of youth and joy, the jewels upon her white hands, and the diamond necklace upon her breast, flashed in their stead.

While she leaves us to introduce the delighted Bridget to her new sphere of labor, let us take a brief view of the children who are resting from their romp, and sit panting, side by side, on one of the sofas.



MRS. BLAKELY AND THE NEW "HELP."

The youngest of these was a beautiful boy of about six years—a plump, red-cheeked child, with large, blue eyes, whose chestnut-colored hair, though cut short, twisted up into little darkened-looking curls all over his head, in defiance of any attempt to put them down. His features were of the finest mould, and of the most delicate outline, such as no chiseling of the sculptor could more than faintly imitate, while his delicate white skin, his ample forehead, and his little pliant neck, all seemed to proclaim him a scion, if not of the aristocracy of an artificial society, at least of the true nobility of nature.

The elder child, if not too old for such a designation, was a girl of about fourteen years, so essentially unlike the cherubic boy at her side, that she would scarcely have been mistaken for his sister.

But Evelyn Bitterly was far from being unhandsome. She was slight and pale, with regular features refined with the light of intellect, yet with most of her beauty centering in and shining out of a pair of large, dark eyes, which seemed to receive streams of tender affection upon the sweet boy beside her, whom she fondled and caressed almost every third breath.

"How much do you love me to-day, Herbert?" she said, as she raised her lips for the twentieth time from his mossy neck, while he

MRS. BITTERLY AND THE NEW "HELP."

Then she would retain possession of all the vast estate during the infant's long minority, in case of its death, the mother would be heir to the child.

Dear little Herbert, upon whom this golden mantle had fallen, knew nothing of his good fortune, if such it were, and would have cared for more happy in the humbler sphere, if cherished by the love of a true and tender mother.

He was almost a stranger to all those little tokens of maternal affection which the fond Evelyn heart so fully appreciates, and which are calculated to cultivate and educate the purest affections. His earliest prattlings had been more often heeded by the voice of coarse, than encouraged by smiles and kisses; and all his little joys had been so checked by frowns and rebuke that he had become a very and timid child, nervous with constant apprehension of reproof.

But if his mother was thus faithless to her great trust, the man whom he called father was still less his friend and protector.

Frederick Bitterly looked with little favor upon the boy whom he knew, at no distant period, would be master of all this great wealth, which was now to some extent under his own control, and the ample income of which was destined mainly to the benefit of himself and his wife. A few years indeed would not only suffice to enlighten the growing heir as to his rights, but would bring him to a position of his own choosing, who would be held to a strict accountability for his trusts.

It would not be saying too much to over that the step-mother looked with a jealous eye upon little Herbert Harlow; and that he found himself in a measure excluding the closure of the life by filling a victim to some of the numerous maladies incident to childhood. Evelyn would, in this case, become entitled if the little heir had been less robust, and had inherited a constitution less vigorous than it was.

But Sisterly, though utterly selfish, was not heartless. He neglected and disliked, but disliked, but did not usually ill-treat his step-son. He was too much aware of exposure for him, and Herbert had long learned not to look to his father for those little words and acts of kindness to which a child's heart so *joyfully* responds.

Having such premise as these, no wonder that the boy clung closely to his one dear friend, whose love for him was ever free and unfailing, and who was always ready to sacrifice her own pleasures for his benefit. His attachment to Evelyn was unbounded, and she accepted it as a noble reward of all her self-denying kindness towards him.

"Do you come these little children," said Mr. Sisterly, as Evelyn and Herbert entered the parlor, where he had been disagreeably occupied with the merits of a fifteen-hundred-dollar span of horses which he had been privately trying the trial on the Bloomingdale road, and which he had recently purchased at a "private sale."

"They always come at the wrong time. Have you no lessons to-day, Evey? How is it you find so much time to run about?"

"We have only half a day, papa. I promised Herbert this morning I would take him there."

"Herbert does not require your permission, I should think, to go anywhere. "Jenny has orders to go out with him every afternoon."

"I like you as a lovely child, girl, Evey," said her father.

"She is not a little girl, and is in preparations to call her so, Frederick. Evelyn is quite tall, and she is now past——"

"No matter what she is past, my dear," interrupted Mr. Sisterly, insulting. "I know she is twelve, or thereabouts; it isn't necessary to be very particular about ages. You can go to your room, Evey, and be a better girl next time."

The children went out, Herbert holding on to his sister's dress, and looking back quite terrified at the splendid apparition which had so suddenly "fallen" from heaven. He knew, not his book-of-knowledge, but his heart-book of love, that this was the kind one whom he was entitled to it.

And now about the horses, Louis? Mr. Isnurs is set upon them—sent to you, my love—his very own thing."

"Well, Fred, it's a small matter," replied the flattered wife. "You may do as you choose, especially if you are sure they are better than Hatley's."

"Faster? We trotted past Hatley without so much as a 'chirrup' to them, and could have driven quite around him several times in a mile if we had chosen. I would have brought them home for you to see, but Weiss, the owner, is anxious to sell to-day, and he has taken out Tom Skimmer, who has a great mind to buy. Wouldn't Mrs. S. be in high feather behind such a pair of animals?"

"There, stop talking, Fred., and go fill out a check. You will lose your chance if you stand here all day."

"I have the check already for your signature, my dear," said the husband. "I knew you would never resist such a pair of bonnets."

The lady smiled very roughly, plainly to the delight of both parties, who had the pleasure of treating their dear friends. Evelyn, Herbert, and the Skimmers, the very next afternoon, walking kisses back to them from the tips of their scented gloves as they did so.

CHAPTER III.

On that same afternoon, Bridget, the laundress, might have been seen, dressed in her best apparel, hurrying out of the basement door, and making her way with hasty strides towards the adjacent park, with the air of one who did not seem to know where to go, but who was bent on business.

Passing the merry throng of children who played along the gravelled walks, with the privilege only of looking at the beautiful grass, from which they were warned by notices at every corner to keep off, and the nurses who gossiped together on the benches, this woman gazed at the precious charges which they were supposed to be fondly guarding; passing the merry school-girls who loitered, satchel in hand, on their homeward way, to play with the problems of the lodging infants; passing even the playful fountain without the slightest heed, she made several made her way across the square, across the streets which bounded the opposite side, and down one of the thoroughfares which poure the countless tide of life into the main artery of the metropolis.

Traversing street after street, a labyrinthian route, and turning frequent corners, she entered a narrow lane between the rears of two blocks of brick buildings, which, towering six stories high, effected some such view of the heavens shy as one might gain from the bottom of a well.

Nearly midway of this alley, which was populous with pigs and dirty children, she darted into a basement, the door of which stood open, and after traversing a long, dark hall, she knocked at a door, which was the only one visible to her, but with the locality of which she seemed well acquainted. Her rap was a peculiar one, and was repeated several times in quick succession before it was answered, when she entered she was hostily greeted by the "Hush!" of a woman, who, with two more playing at cards across a rickety table, and a slumbering infant in a cradle, were sitting on a mat in one corner of the room.

The room, a kit-en, a bill-ilin, heavily-whiskered person, with a hooked nose and bushy eyebrows, who was dressed in the extreme height of the sporting style indicating poverty, rose from the table as Bridget entered, and said to his companions:

"No more play now, Jon; we'll draw there to-morrow. I've got business with this lady now."

"Oh—you—all right. That's an invite for me to the christening."

"If you please, my friend."

"Sure an' it's truth ye spake; but it's not my friend, Mr. Jon, that I am to be after seeing this yet; but I s'must got him yisterday, only you see he was out a-sailin', and I couldn't get him to me wrong time—ill luck to her."

"Is the woman very sick, Bridget—hey?"

"Trobs, are they. Well, you may say that sir."

"I am sure they are. They are very fond of the boy."

"They dont on him, Mr. Genne. They drove him out of doors in the cold, and made him pick up a room all alone, as if he was too good to spake to a body."

"They'll come down handsomely for him. A thousand dollars reward, or something like that, Jon, hey?"

"In course they will. It's not a thousand, nor two, nor three, that they'll be after giving."

"It's my opinion, Tom," said the woman with the infant, "that it's not a thousand dollars they'll pay. Better let the boy alone. You never made any thing when you meddled."

"I never tried it but twice. Once the police got track of the boy, then I got one dollar for takin' on him in, and giving him shelter; and the other time I got two dollars for a man who only advertised fifty dollars reward. I wouldn't take the risk for that, you know, Mrs. Jon."

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"In course they will."

"Is the strike?"

"Sure an' it is. Jim home in the evening, and rang the door-bell, and dodged off around the corner. Then I heard a great noise, and went out by a hallowing or me down the street. That's when I call a virtuous action, and I'm sure it was my child of wan he comes to his end."

"In course it was."

"Then I thought it got to pay for this day. If I once get him; I never'll trust my child to any more of his mischief-making business at this."

"And I am to have——"

"Just what I told you, Bridget. Accordin' to what you do."

"Well, this, on Monday afternoon, for to day is Saturday. On Monday afternoon, I'll be in, when the grand lady goes out, there'll be time before the boys come home from school. You'll be at the far side of the park, wid two or three hoops in yer hand."

"Hoops?"

"Yis, hoops; but they'll not be the right kind. I'll have the right sort on to buy; but you'll have nicer ones at yer shop a little ways off—nice hoops with silver 'tins,' do you see?"

"Oh, yes, I see. You're a jewel, Bridget. I'll be there. But at what hour do you say?"

"At half-past one, she always rides out in the mornin'. (She calls it mornin' till the blessed sun isn't more'n two hours high.) At half-past one, she goes, and Avvy kems in about half-an-hour later. We must take the boy between the two, and the one knov last he was wid the one comes."

"Just so. I'll be there at one, to make sure."

"And stay till I come wid the boy, or widout."

"Yes, stay till you come, if you don't come without him, Bridget," said Grume, smiling grimly.

"Ah, it's a funny boy you are latirly; and if the children only knew'd what a nice man it is, I'm thinkin' he'd come to you of his own accord."

"I don't know what my friends would think, if they should see me in the park rolling hoops; but I suppose I can bear their censure on the score, and

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read a newspaper or smoke cigars until you come."

"Yes, sure you can do that same."

The pretty programme being fully settled, the friends parted company, and Bridges returned to haste to her place of service.

CHAPTER IV.

The frequenters of the spacious park in front of the Stuyvesant mansion, all knew by sight a little, odd woman, who on every fine afternoon occupied a seat near the fountain, sometimes actively plying a set of knitting needles, sometimes reading, and never evidently idle. She came and went at early or late hours than the children and nurses at the time of day by her movements, and when she did not come all of her gathered in little knots and talked about her, and wondered if she were sick. They thought her a very old woman for Aunt Ally, as they called her, always dressed in an old-fashioned way, and was not quite as upright in body as she was in spirit. Yet a close inspector would have seen that she had a frail, fair, almost young looking face, plainted indeed, but in a few lines written about the corners of her eyes, but otherwise unfarrowed by Time.

Aunt Ally, indeed, was not past forty, and aided by dress and fashion might have passed for a full decade less, but she seemed to prefer to go quietly, and did we small call her, as the children did.

Why she came so regularly to the park, where she never walked about, and to the fountain which she seldom looked at, was a matter even to the little observers, whom, at least, she always spoke at, and waved a good bye.

Some of the prattlers said that she came to the grass, because she was poor and did not like to stay in—others guessed that she lived in a cellar or a basement, and that she came to get a fresh air for her health. None reflected that her visits to the park were always at the hour when it was most populous with little folks, and that she departed when the favorite promenade was emptied.

Aunt Ally was kind to all, but she had her favorite among the children, and that was one so little accustomed to kindness that he met all her gentle advances with delight.

Little Herbert Harlow would sit by the hour, along side of all his strange friends, and never so happy as when he was on her side, and she would tell him endless stories concerning them day to day—for which, like most children, had like most of a larger growth, a great fancy was unforgiving.

Aunt Ally's pocket, too, seemed to be a store house of good things—for she was never without some little cake for her pet. Sometimes it was a cherry chocked apple, sometimes a few nuts or sugar plums, or a paper of peppermints, but there was always something for Herbert, and more rarely, for other children.

Sometimes Jenny, the maid, failing to find her at even supper, would suddenly break in on her happy meetings, and hurry off to the house in the middle of the same cruel fun, which Herbert would think and dream until he was again at the good dame's side. But more often she termed was glad to be rid of her charge for a time, and she would leave him for an hour or more, while she went into the city on an errand or a visit, being sure to find him still at the side of his unconscious old nurse.

These were happy hours for Herbert, and it would be well said that his little character, that inflictions of which had been so repressed by neglect and harshness at home, seemed to have the strongest, good woman, as it loved none others, without a relation in the world.

That young lady was herself no stranger to Aunt Ally, for whom circumstances and not her brother indenting to a section of her long romance. Their common affection for the boy was a bond of union between them, and Evelyn had gleaned some scraps of history from the confidences to the keeper of her darling friend.

She was not very poor, not by any means destitute, but she was a childless widow, and almost without a relation in the world.

In a near street, where Evelyn had some accompanied her, she kept a furnished room, and store in a little triangular room, so small that three common country maids might have made admittance at once, and her whole stock in trade might have been slightly overrated in a sailor's box. Yet Aunt Ally made a living, and sometimes more. In the little shop a lady would occasionally and she was even able to hire a clerk (a daughter of the seamstress below stairs) to keep the shop an hour or two every afternoon while she made her visit to the park.

It was a gratification to Evelyn that she was able to bestow on the widow some patronage while she remained in the metropolis, and many of which were generally friendly to the young lady, and were by no means pecuniary waste as they spent their mistress's money.

Thus by the means and assistance, the schoolgirl and the widow became really attached friends, the latter regarding Evelyn as something not much short of an angel of light, and worthy almost as much of homage as of love.

Miss Blakely was so impressed with the honesty and plausible conduct of her broker, and was so moved by his appeals, that she had fully resolved to entrust a portion of her property to him or to take Herbert with her. It did not seem to her quite unlike that selfish position would be granted, but she was resolved to try, although she was a very embarrassing and inconvenient to prefer any request to one so nearly a stranger to her as her broker. There was no fellowship between them, no mutual understanding, no confidence, and just now she felt herself particularly guilty and in error, by reason of the plan to forsake she had received from her parents at her last interview with them.

Yet outweighing all these considerations to deter her—a powerful fear with which her brother followed her each morning to the door, and followed her with his eyes so far as he could see her form, haunted her memory, and served her with her desolation for task.

Fredrick Silberly had brooklished at eleven o'clock on a memorial morning, when she was but five hours high, and he was going out to billiards; a group of disgraceful figure, figure, and looking so very young that no one would have thought his unsavory heart was even "half way home."

He looked so good-natured and self satisfied, too, that Beverly, in the most innocent time for her application, and the smallest with a heart beating so violently, that she could scarcely hear her own faintly articulated words.

"Hey, Beverly—what's that? Give up school, do you say?"

"I will study just as hard at home, sir; and then I can take care of Herbert."

"Why, certainly—how thoughtful Silberly dotes it! She has not anything to me about it."

"No, sir, it is not your Herbert is an hungry, and he has no connection."

"Why—and that is you? I do not see why you should trouble yourself about him. You are not his waiting maid, I believe."

"But, pa——"

"Nonsense, girl! Such a sentiment, too! So fashionable, and celebrated, and so—so high priced; and where they teach you manners, and high life, and deportment, besides grammar, and other little things! Why, it would not be the thing at all! I am astonished at you, Evelyn. You are really becoming a—a—quite a plebeian in your tastes. I am shocked!"

"But, pa——"

"Not at all. You forget that education is the very what-d'ye-call-it of life, and is at the bottom of—of most everything, sheer! Really, I cannot hear of it. Go—get your books——"

"It's Saturday to-day," said the low weeping girl.

"Ah, very well; you can stay home till Monday, then."

The graceful Mr. Silberly glided out of the front door as he said this, and his unhappy daughter sat down to cry, oppressed with a sense of error with the subtle inducement of her grief for the bitter disappointment awaiting her brother.

But she had another hope, faint indeed, yet still a hope, and that was that, under the new probabilities, one of which was that Mrs. Silberly would permit her son to attend school with her—and the other, that prim Miss Bielen would relent her rigid rules, and allow such a thing as a male lisped, however diminutive and sweet, to attend her seminary for young ladies.

To her great surprise and delight her supplication was granted without any objection of her own to the plan. She seemed quite indifferent about it, and said if Evelyn chose to have the trouble of the boy's going and coming, she was with she thought Miss Bielen would never consent to his—but she was quite sure of it.

"If you will permit me to say that is to your disadvantage——"

"Oh, yes—you may say anything; but you must really excuse me, for I am busy about other matters, and cannot possibly endure another syllable."

Mrs. Silberly made many syllables and several continuous hours of loud music on the piano succeeding this speech, and Evelyn, with the language of love and the darkest tones of sympathy, which, in fact, were the only articulations of vengeance—were alike sang in most melodious strains, and with the truest tones, declaring that all the little children's upper section could be made with full liberty to their best.

But Evelyn was too much delighted at the success of her application to see any hostility in her mother's abrupt dismissal of her, and she hastened to communicate the intelligence to her expectant brother, who awaited with much impatience the result of her interview with Miss Bielen.

Their sports for the holiday (Saturday was the one day marked with white in little Herbert's calendar) were greatly enhanced by the pleasant anticipations which they were now able to indulge. Yet it was the delicious sense of privileges that Evelyn contemplated the result of her application with most delight. She had also remembered how rigidly her rules in this respect had hitherto been enforced, and how pleasingly the gates of her temple of science had always been shut against the entrance of creatures—and, above all, when she thought of the extreme severity with which she was kept strictly lady, and her exceedingly civil way of behaving herself, in the most ornate and well mannered sometimes, she knew that the powers of diplomacy would be required to encounter success.

When Monday morning came, she raked the petitions of gratification to her heart, and, after taking him with her, for she thought his coming would be a powerful auxiliary, he left him aside even with the fright and pastors tutor. But, much to her disappointment, the boy seemed unpersuasively refused. Yet she had one talisman on which she relied with much confidence, and that was her stepmother's name. She was authorized to say that Mrs. Silberly approved of a favor which she was about to ask.

Miss Bielen knew that she should Evelyn's petition fully sustained her reputation for civil superby.

She was a very tall, thin lady, with a neck like a goblet's, surmounted by a head as small, and a face as red, as decidedly as possessed no resemblance to the bird of Christmas.

"If I ingrate, Miss Bielen, if I beverly," she said, after hearing her through, with some illrestrained sweetness of the voice, "that she makes the extraordinary proposition to introduce a young gentleman into the society of young ladies."

Evelyn smiled, despite her anxiety, as she replied:

"No, ma'am—a very little boy——"

"Precisely—small, but still a member of the opposite sex. That is the objection I have to here."

Evelyn believed it was, but repeated, with some earnestness, that the boy was very small.

"Size does not alter principles, Miss Bielen," said the lady, in rumbustious tones, and very pithily. A boy of seven years is not much larger than one of six, and a boy of six is but a trifle taller than his at seven, and so on, even up to a man—which is monstrous!"

Miss Hellen emphasized the young men of twenty-one with such a contempt that the expression of face so mighty have belitted the incarnation of an ogre.

But Evelyn did not look at all shamed.

"Yes precisely that, I suppose, Miss Bielen," she continued.

"Ah! Of course, we will make all rules bend that are not utterly inflexible, at the desire of Mrs. Silberly," continued the lady, with a face changed tone, and with some remarkable sinuous improvement in the tone. "I will speak to my sister about it, and one of us will communicate the result of our deliberations to you in the course of the morning."

Evelyn knew that she had triumphed, and she was so delighted that she was able to give very little attention to the rest of the lesson, and the lecturer on department and etiquette, or its classes before she was dismissed to be her father as grammar and other little things.

When she went home, it was, of course, with the full intention of telling her mother which she resolved to do the very next day. Little did she imagine the fate of her kindly plots, which was at that very hour maturing, unconsciously to herself, after many toughness, and of life which she so tenderly loved.

CHAPTER V.

Mrs. Silberly did not immediate the expectant Bridges in the functionality of her movements. Her carriage was at the door a full half hour before Evelyn's time for returning from school, and she drove off on a shopping tour with a full purse if not with a light heart.

But she was in rather buoyant spirits, and if she did not quite smile as she crept into her carriage, the frown on her forehead was a little fainter than usual, for she had an agreeable remembrance of the deferences with which she was always treated by merchants and salesmen, and she was disposed to attribute this attention to something distinguished in her air, rather than to the golden wand which she was known to wield.

No sooner had she gone, than the emissary of the enterprising Mr. Greene was again at her work, for Herbert was so accustomed to be idle when he was not with her, that the widow found any circumstances to her place, if only "the old un" and "Miss Ariellar" were out of the way.

The lad was greatly chased with his new hopes of going to school, and he was already treating as frequent intervals to the front door, to look out for his sister, who had entered indulgence of his machinations. Here the tempter encountered him with the subtle inducements of a coveted hoop, and an opportunity to meet Evelyn, and learn her news the sooner.

"It's quick you must be," she said, as he ran to the door, "for I don't know if it was a club or a manual day—or we'll not her time to revel the hoop and bow the beautiful bells pagin."

"In a minute I'll be ready," was the gay response uttered in a minute he was; but as some time had already lapsed in Bridget's own propensities, she knew that the dinner was not yet ready, knowing that nothing would, of course, she was most anxious to avoid. She therefore did not put her mark by the unseen gate, but hurried her little prize along towards the fountain, and was soon the greedy recipient of rumors from that which Miss Silberly inevitably knew.

It was the nearest route to the hoop merchant, and Bridget knew it, and so it was, for on the end it Mr. Greene sat upon a bench quite gaily dressed, and conversing with a very elegant, and rural hoops which hung on the iron fence. Herbert's little eyes were many syllables and several continuous hours of loud music on the piano succeeding this speech, and Evelyn, with the language of love and the darkest tones of sympathy, which, in fact, were the only articulations of vengeance—were alike sang in most melodious strains, and with the truest tones, declaring that all the little children's upper section could be made with full liberty to their best.

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served for the street, and no thought of the servant for a moment entered her mind. Jenny she would have recognized, and Jenny she was sure it was not, and these reflections increased her doubts until she began to be frightened at her impotency. Still she did not relax her speed until she reached the corner which she was to turn, and there she paused a little to form a survey of the scene before her, and see if she could again catch a glimpse of the object.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

CAPTAIN KIDD.

BY DR. J. COMPTON SMITH.

In the year 1690, Robert L. Livingston, the ancestor of the present Livingstons of New York, being in England on some affairs connected with the colonies, chanced to make the acquaintance of Lord Bellamont, just then appointed as Governor of Massachusetts Bay and New Hampshire. In conversation upon the subject of the American provinces, his lordship, among other matters, referred to the acts of the pirates, and stated that they were a nuisance in our waters, particularly in Massachusetts Bay, Long Island Sound, and along the Atlantic coast as far south as Chesapeake Bay. These facts were observed by Mr. Livingston, and in connection with his lordship in regarding the council which attended to the provinces in consequence of them.

After various conversations upon the subject, Mr. Livingston at length suggested the policy of sending an armed vessel, in command of a suitable person, to rid the waters of those obnoxious marauders, and his lordship approving, and fellow countryman, Captain Robert Kidd, as just the man for the business. This man Mr. L. recommended as "a man of integrity and courage, well acquainted with the sea affairs and their rendezvous; and who would undertake to destroy them, for if the king would employ a good sailing frigate of thirty guns, he would be satisfied and fully sure."

The proposition was laid before the king, who called the attention of the admiralty to the subject. The latter, however, for some time did not give it much thought, and referred the matter back to the governor elect.

It was now proposed by Bellamont and Livingston to subscribe a sum sufficient to fit out and to join stock speculation of it. The latter offered to become concerned with Kidd, to the amount of one-fifth of the cost of the outfit, and to be himself personally interested in the good conduct of his friend, and his faithful execution of the commission assigned him. Bellamont also took shares, and even King William himself only expressed the hope that, if he was to reap, it would be himself in truth share in the enterprise. The Lord Chancellor and several prominent persons joined in the scheme, which promised a rich return in the spoils of the buccaneers. And the son of the statesman promised was immediately underwritten and paid over into the hands of Kidd, who, with the sum thus raised, put Kidd's commission, and superintend the fitting out of the vessel.

At length, everything being completed, Kidd, in the "Adventure Galley," sailed from Plymouth of April, 1696, from Plymouth, for New York, his vessel carrying thirty guns and eighty men.

At this period King William was at war with France, and Kidd was commissioned not only to fight the freebooters, but to take any of French merchantmen he might fall in with.

On an encounter of what his employers might expect from him, he captured on his voyage a French "Baker," which he carried into New York, where she was libeled, and afterwards sold for the benefit of the company.

In New York, the crew of the Adventure Galley, numbering one hundred and sixty men, was completed. Each man was to share a certain rate in the proceeds of the cruise.

Kidd, in consequence of blockades, was not able to take in a supply of wine and other stores, from the Madagascar, which was known to be the port of Tamerlin, for sail, and then directed his course to Madagascar, which was known to be the rendezvous of pirates. He arrived off the coast of this island on the 10th of February, 1697.

Although Kidd's ostensible object, at first, was to break up the haunts of the pirates, he did not taken a single prize of any value, Kidd discovered that his men were becoming dissatisfied, and signs of a mutiny began to show themselves, and he himself began to be apprehensive that his officers would dismiss him from his command.

One day, when running down the coast to the northward of Goa, the crew became so turbulent at their continued ill luck, that Kidd, at last, was resolved on his second project, and called them about him, and proposed that if they would remain obedient to his orders, he would, in a few days, lead them to better fortune. The crew, who had begun to look upon Kidd only expecting to fail in with the Mocha fleet, were easily induced to take a rich prize from among them, and if they were disposed to adopt the plan of the captain, they would be sure to find him a kind and indulgent commander.

Kidd's proposal was decided approaching the coast, and the Adventure Galley bore down upon it. A Moorish vessel, the Quedah Merchant, was met full in the course, and Kidd ordered her to heave to. The Moorish vessel, however, being ignorant of the character of the vessel in which she was about to engage, and coming up to him, made the pirate fire a gun.

But having commenced hostilities, and considering the character of the vessel, he determined not to be driven off till he had served a broadside, which he immediately delivered.

This vessel was richly freighted, and under the command of a Portuguese Captain Faro. The only Europeans on board were this man and a Portuguese named Rodrigues. These Kidd forced to join his crew. Rodrigues was a Jew, who was acquainted with the coast, he made his pilot, while the other was reserved to act as interpreter.

It is said he also used the men belonging to the Moorish vessel with great cruelty, causing them to be hoisted up by their arms to the rigging, and whipping them unmercifully, to extort from them a confession of the whereabouts of their money, which he supposed was hidden somewhere in the hold.

After taking from this vessel everything of value, she was permitted to return to the fleet.

The report of this piracy spread like wildfire along the Malabar coast, and a Portuguese man-of-war left Goa in quest of this new sea-rover. She fell in with the Adventure Galley, and a desperate engagement took place. Both vessels were much injured, and both lost many men. For a while Kidd was hopeful of victory; but finding, at length, that the Portuguese was too strong for him, and he being able to escape, he made good his escape.

Soon after this affair the pirate met with much better success. But after a while, entertaining fears that his own conduct would bring him ultimately to the gallows, he wished to abandon this sort of life.

About this time he fell in with a Dutch ship, having a very valuable cargo, and entirely unprepared for resistance. This vessel he proceeded to capture. The voyage attained molestation, although she had been completely in his power. Upon this his crew, seceding him of deserting a Dutch ship—the Dutch subject to the condition of his forbearance, mutinied, and threatened to take the command from him. The dispute was peremptorily settled by Kidd, who, drawing a pistol, shot the ringleader of the revolt dead at his feet.

This act seemed to have driven from his bosom all feelings of penitence for the past events, and indulging his mind in the future. Of course, he soon satisfied the most zealous among them, and he was all very well as long as it is a pirate commander.

Among the Malabar, he fell in with large numbers of vessels, among which was a heavy Portuguese ship. This vessel he kept possession of for several days, till he had relieved her of her cargo, and then he released her and stood in his own vessel, and then suffered her to depart.

Soon after this event, being in need of wood and water, Kidd landed on one of the Malabar islands, where one of his officers was murdered by the natives. The pirates attacked the village, and burning it, left the island upon a tree, and then shot him.

They now put to sea again, and the first vessel they encountered was a Moorish ship of four hundred tons burden. The crew of this vessel, after the proceeds of this prize were sold, amounted to two hundred pounds sterling, while Kidd's was eight thousand. Some of his men were dissatisfied with this, and left his crew, vessels sailed in company in Madagascar, where he made the friendship of some seafaring men, and disposed of his cargoes on the most advantageous terms.

The name of his Moorish prize was the "Quedah Merchant," but having the Adventure as longer sea-worthy, he transferred himself and crew to the Quedah.

It was now that Kidd experienced his first great misfortune, since he had adopted the career of a pirate.

Being dissatisfied at the unequal distribution of the prize money, some of his men deserted him, and united their fortunes with the Madagascar buccaneers.

In vain he proposed to pay over to them all the prize money, but if they would remain in duty—forty only of his men remained true to him.

On the 30th of March, 1698, the islands of the Maisy Archipelago, Kidd was not surprised to find a vessel in possession of his plunder had been conveyed to England, and that having been declared a pirate, he was now on the main with the House of Commons to inquire into the conduct of the ministers who had been engaged in fitting out the expedition.

None of these persons, among whom were Lord Bellamont and Mr. Livingston, were thoroughly prepared, but honorably acquitted.

The Whigs, who were in power at the British succeeded had made proclamation, offering his free pardon to any such pirates as should surrender themselves before the last day of April, 1699, and Kidd was one of those who were made an exception to himself.

Not aware of such his exception, he would not have been so eager to throw himself into the arms of his enemies.

"Nothing." It is said, "upon his interest with the Tories, and believing that a French ness or two he had found on board some of the ships he had captured, and sailed for the affair, while his booty would gain him new friends, he sailed directly for New York, where he was soon landed then the whole company was arrested by Lord Bellamont's orders, together with their property.

At first Kidd and his principal officers were treated with much civility, and were hourly treated and imprisoned. But is being rumored that it was Kidd's intention to destroy his associates, he and his officers were thrown into confinement, till the vessel arrived in which they could be sent to England. Kidd, on his arrival, was thrown into Newgate, and tried at the Old Bailey in the year 1701.

Lord Chief Justice Holt, Nicholas Churchill, James Howe, Robert Lumley, William Jenkins, and Turner, Paul Perrott, Richard Barker, Abel Owens, and Darby Mullins, were arraigned for piracy and murder, and all acquitted, and found guilty, except three—Lumley, Jenkins, and Howe, who proved themselves under apprehensibly, but were would not receive the pardon and surrendered."

The three conspirators were hung in chains at Execution Dock, London, where their skeletons were exhibited for many years a terror and an example to all evil-doers.

Kidd, on his arraignment, was questioned in Gardiner's Bay, off the east end of Long Island, where he had buried a part of his treasure on the Island, after exploring him to the most solemn oaths and protestations that he was not guilty of piracy, and that he had committed no robbery, murder, or any other crime.

Kidd's trial took place on the 8th of May, 1701, and he was executed on the 23d of the same month.

Gardiner's Bay, off which Kidd buried his treasure, is the most beautiful sheet of water on Long Island, and is situated at the eastern extremity of the island, and is about twenty miles in length, and from two to five miles in width. It is studded with numerous islands, and is a favorite resort for pleasure parties during the summer season.

Gardiner's Island, which is the property of the family of that name, is situated at the entrance of the bay, and is about three miles in length, and two in width. It is a very beautiful island, and is well cultivated, and contains a number of fine farms.

Mr. John B. Gardiner has a piece of gold which was found on the island, and which, he says, "when very young, having my mother and her grandmother with me to Lord Gardiner's house, the piece came to that island. He wanted Mrs. Gardiner to come into a pig, she being about as fat as she was handed down to me, and he, I believe, as the piece of gold, which must be upwards of a hundred years."

HOW SHE FIXED HIM.

A tyrannical husband locked the door against his wife, who, after visiting a neighbor, and when she applied for admittance, he pretended not to know her. She threatened to jump in the well if he did not open the door. He had no idea that she would do so, and obstinately insisted that he did not know her; so she took a log, and plunged it into the well, and simultaneously with the splash it made she placed herself by the side of the door, and as the husband darted out in his night clothes, she darted in, locked the door, and declared she did not know him. He had to remain there till he was pacified, and then she let him in.

THE MUTE SINGER.

BY ANNA CORA RITCHIE.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE GREAT WORLD AGAIN.

Maître Beaujon took us time in commencing the glad tidings to Mademoiselle de St. Amar. An enthusiastic letter of congratulation from Hortense greeted Sylvie a few hours later; a letter filled with expressions of warm and delighted interest on the young singer's voice, replete with pleasing reminiscences over the late interruption of intercourse, and closing with fond anticipations that the link so mysteriously broken would now, happily, be cemented.

Sylvie read the halo-dropping lines with a palpitating heart. If she resented her position before the public, would she not naturally be brought in contact with Mademoiselle de St. Amar and—her brother? Would she not again see him whom wisdom bade her banish from her sight? Would she not again hear that soul-stirring voice which set all the fibres of her being vibrating? And yet would not the very horror of circumstance loom up before them, as high, and as wide, and as freezing as ever? Would she not need greater strength than heretofore in resisting temptation, which she could no longer fly? Would she have courage to stand in its very midst and combat its assaults?

These reflections were interrupted by the incoherent ravings of her dancer. The day after the recital, Monsieur de la Roche became dangerously ill. Violent mental excitement, and the hasty life he had assiduously produced, forever strongly resembling that by which his daughter had been attacked.

We have already said that Dr. Souvestre was the youthful partner of a distinguished physician, who allowed his juvenile assistants to study their profession by practising among the poor. Dr. Janin, however, accompanied Dr. Souvestre when he was visited Monsieur de la Roche. But the hasty manner in which the elder physician examined the patient, and the eagerness with which he turned to Sylvie, betrayed all she was the magnet which had brought him thither. The extraordinary recovery of her vocal powers in singing, at the moment she was unable to use her voice in speaking, had, doubtless, awakened his medical interest and curiosity, and he became worth his while to investigate a case so remarkable. He pronounced it a fever of the nerves, not without peril. Several instances of the kind were on record, but this was the first which had occurred within his own knowledge.

Sylvie responded upon her tablets to his numerous inquiries. After awhile he desired her to endeavor to speak. The attempt proved her total inability. Then he recommended her to desist her to sing. Immediately her rich, rolling, full-toned chamber with the pure, crystalline of the *Salon Rouge*. At the first note, her father, who for some time had been muttering about, talking wildly, and making vehement efforts to rise, sank quietly back, as one who is plagued over his handsome features, and he lay serenely still and silent.

Sylvie noted the change, and, as she ceased singing, wrote upon her tablets:

"Is singing likely to disturb my father?"

"No," replied Doctor Janin; "if we may judge from its present calming effect, it will benefit him. Too have a wonderful organ, Madame," he—the man remarkable for his brevity—added, "unfortunate for yourself, and the public, that the injury to your vocal chords did not extend to that portion used in singing."

These words were accompanied by a low bow, for Sylvie's superlative talent, and the dignified simplicity of her manner, awakened a profound reverence.

Doctor Souvestre, who had long experienced, and struggled to conceal, a warm admiration for his young colleague, now manifested openly all his superior's complimentary recognition of her genius and attractions. It removed the dread of being charged with a youthful folly unworthy of a grave discipline of Aesculapius, if the senior doctor revealed his true sentiments. His usually pompous and conventional demeanor was now as sunny as the sun; and had Sylvie been engrossed by her father's condition, she could not have failed to remark the drowsiness of his manner, the unusual animation with which he conversed, and the fluttering delicacy of his tone. He completely laid aside the solemn air assumed in the capacity of medical adviser, and became the agreeable guest—the genial friend—the lover-like lover. He lingered for some minutes after Doctor Janin took his leave, and would not then have torn himself away, but for Sylvie's studiously look and absent responses betrayed wandering thoughts.

The door had hardly closed upon him when Sylvie opened the piano, and, with her face turned towards her father, that she might watch his countenance, her fingers once more commenced the old wary, and her sympathetic voice gushed forth its thrilling melody.

The same look of placid happiness that had stolen over her father's lineaments long since, came to them again. His restless movements ceased, his moaning murmurs were hushed, the wild-eyed glare fell softly upon her face, and he hurst over. That he recognized the well-known but long-silent tones, was manifested; that he listened with intense pleasure, was certain.

Sylvie still singing when Maître Beaujon entered.

He noiselessly approached, and, almost holding his breath, took his seat beside her. She responded with a bow of welcome, without pause.

As the conclusion of the strain, he said, in a voice hoarse with emotion:

"It was no dream, then!"

"No dream!" replied Sylvie's speaking eyes, "and you will be able to sing on Saturday!" he asked.

Sylvie turned her head, and took his shrivelled hand in here, and lifted it to her lips.

"I see Monsieur Le Grand last evening," said Beaujon. "He was overjoyed at the intelligence I brought. His next concert will take place at the close of the new year, and he resolved to defer the public will be made the principal feature. You have decided that you will be contented to only one piece; and I have selected that magnificent aria by which you electrified us all yesterday. Do you like my choice?"

Sylvie's answer was a gesture of the full recital not have made a better.

An evaluation from her mother now called the young girl to her side. The sick man made a violent effort to leap out of bed, and the frail arms of his wife and daughter could but ill restrain him. Beaujon came to their aid, and, with some difficulty, succeeded in forcing the struggling sufferer back upon his pillow.

"This will not do," muttered the maître, panting from his exertions. "You need nurses. Stop, Madame has strong arms, in spite of his deformity, and he is faithfulness personified; we must secure his assistance."

Neither Sylvie nor her mother objected, and Beaujon went in search of the cripple.

Soon after Maître made his appearance by the sick bed, with a visage only too beaming to be in keeping with the office he was commissioned to fill. Yet how could he look grave when a felicity he had never dared to picture to his wildest dreams, had been granted him? He would hourly see the object of his adoration—he would hear, unchided, that delicious voice to which he had so often tremblingly listened, by stealth,—better still, he would be allowed to serve Sylvie; and in assisting to watch over her father, he would spare her pain and fatigue. Could his happiness reach a higher climax?

Doctor Souvestre came daily, and his visits were of much longer duration than heretofore. After a few moments devoted to his patient, he invariably took his seat beside the young maiden, and diligently sought to divert her mind from the contemplation of the young singer's voice, replete with painful reminiscences over the late interruption of intercourse, and closing with fond anticipations that the link so mysteriously broken would now, happily, be cemented.

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Sylvie embraced her, but quickly turned again to her father. She could not bear to leave him thus. Maître Beaujon found her bending over the latter, and unceremoniously tugging to detect his attention.

The latter addressed her somewhat more brusquely than had been his custom of late, but his rough manner was only a mask to conceal his agitation. Without one syllable of inadvisement, he commanded her to accompany him. He remarked that her talents were not in her father's sight, and urged the necessity, although all responsibility devolved upon her. The embrace of the maître was tender, and he quickly wrought rhein of gold as which the soldiers were endowed, lying upon the latter's raiment, and the blue enamel cover, with one word traced in pearls, just visible through the folds of the drapery, completed a splendiferous to the speckless maiden's satire, that Maître Beaujon deserved credit for taste as well as forethought.

Both Sylvie and her master entered the little retiring room of the Salle St. Cecile, the beautiful vocalist was warmly welcomed by Monsieur Le Grand, but coldly greeted by those who had been assembled to hear her. Many inner lights might suffer eclipse through this treatment.

Monsieur Le Grand had taken care that the first part of the concert should consist of the full strength, together with the history of her loss of voice—and the mysterious circumstances under which her power of song was regained, while she continued mute as regarded speech—that the Salle St. Cecile—crowded, it is sufficient, and, indeed, almost suffocated with curiosity—the novelty of the occasion, were now ready to be entertained by the simple English ballads peculiar to those with which Sylvie had been endowed. The manager knew that this would merely afford stood how to create the greatest impression. With patient judgment he had waited for a befitting Sylvie sing a number of airs, had anticipated the effect of her unclothed lips, when, "But thou didst not leave his soul," to be given, would create a thrill of delight. The audience inferred that to feared she might be nervous, and would not do herself justice, and were on the qui vive to witness the possible calamity.

Upon the same principle, a crowd will throng a theatre to see some desperate mortal earn his bread by walking a tight rope, or, perhaps, some night, will profitably cast him his life; or to behold a coward in the act of exhibiting the frightful fascination arising from the chances of death in a duel—the meanest of all.

Sylvie's unanimous greeting from the expectant audience was the sight of Monsieur de Beaujon (who claimed that privilege) may readily be imagined. Her face became pale as death, and rose again, and roared, and grew still, and rose again, and roared, and grew still, with a living sea of humanity, stirred by mingled emotions of curiosity, pity, and delight.

Once more the loud cries of welcome and applause were hushed, and Sylvie once more, Sylvia's voice,

"Like a tremper that into
The low note of a viol, that trembles and trempling breaks
Into a thrill of music, and then ceases,"

rang out as full as a trumpet, as low and sweet as a viol, trembling and triumphing, solemn and sad.

Almost before the breathless stillness, at the conclusion of the aria, had succeeded to the rapture, Sylvie bent, and passed from the sight of the delighted throng.

Then ensued vehement efforts to recall her, but, at the request of Monsieur Le Grand, it was that the desire to hear her hereafter would be increased by the fact of her rarity.

His congratulations to Sylvie were accompanied by the assurance that he would engage her for one year, to sing wherever, on the day and by the hour that Maître Beaujon, her guardian, should name, and Monsieur Le Grand would pay her twelve hundred francs per week, whether she sang or not.

Sylvie had no hesitation in accepting this apparently munificent offer, and received Beaujon's counsel to her tutor, and Maître Beaujon expressed himself contented with the proposition.

"Then it is understood that you will be here to-morrow morning," said Monsieur Le Grand, "and that you will bring with you the aria which her family lived. He therefore objected to the publication of his name as a reason that Monsieur de la Roche was dangerously ill.

Sylvie assented from necessity, although, as though he inferred that the musician meant by this was that she would be compelled to sing the second and higher terms; Beaujon, comprehending his look, replied, with some asperity, and no little hauteur:

"In objecting to your calling upon my pupil, Monsieur, I have but performed my duty to her, and thus distressing her, I feared no fault with my proceedings. Mademoiselle will be grateful if I had done so. If pen and paper are at hand, I will write a note to that effect for her and signed her name, and called it, as he was escorted and scarcely comprehensible stain. In the presence of the audience, Sylvie had expressed her fingers softly through his hair, and laid her flower-covered hand upon his bosom—her cheeks were unnoticed.

A few months ago she would have wept, but time and sorrow had taught her to school herself—since she had known a sorrow which she was forced to bury in the deep recesses of her spirit, tears sprang less readily. Their event rather was checked by a supernatural force that bade her suffer without sign.

The maître stood at the head of the bed, looking less listless than was her wont. The actual danger of his friend was over, he fairly loved, had forced her to shake off her constitutional acidity—and he was the recipient of conjugal of imaginary or anticipated afflictions —and had caused her inwardly to vow that she would encounter poverty, privation, all manner of calamities, with a murmur, if her husband's life were only spared.

She regarded Sylvie's evening toilette with a cold smile, and said, "And so you are waiting at last the white silk dress of which your poor father's extravagance once deprived you? It becomes you amazingly, and that tulle over dress has a charming effect. I hardly know you, Sylvie. I had no idea you had altered so much in a few months."

In Tour, who probably had accompanied her to the concert for this very purpose.

Sylvie looked up with a disquisited expression of, and and acutely form emerged from the shadow thrown by the building, and appeared to be approaching her. But the figure did not pause as seemed its first intention. The hat, lifted in passing, showed the intellectual countenance of the Marquis de St. Amar. He did not look with a single word; and Sylvie fell a cruel torn smile, who is also a true woman, must have felt, although impelled by the breath of the man she loved, all praise was breath only, and the tones, and the speaking eyes of the great world was unsatisfactory, incomplete in her own eyes.

CHAPTER XV.

A NEW HOME.

Honorine was excited and annoyed to the verge of positive anger, when she found herself irresistibly hurried into the carriage by Madame de la Tour, as soon as the concert was over. To have missed Sylvie once more, and, indeed, to have forbidden the young singer to carry out her intention, had been Mademoiselle de St. Amar's earnest desire. When her aunt so warmly opposed her wishes, and insisted on her returning home immediately, the possibility that she had something to say to Sylvie, which could be said only on the first time, flashed through Honorine's mind. This suspicion rendered her only more determined to oppose this interruption. Honorine should be removed; though, indeed, she had long since resolved that she would not, and had only waited for a favorable opportunity to carry out her intention. Her brother had been kind to her, as every brother, and to aid the latter to deliver a message to Sylvie, he had disappeared.

Honorine did not relate that night until the hour had struck in the corridor; and rushing out to meet him, eagerly inquired:

"Did you see her after I left?"

"See whom?"

"Why Mademoiselle Sylvie, of course."

"Yes. I saw her leaving the concert Hall." "And you spoke to her, of course?"

"No."

"Never singular! But perhaps she was surrounded by people. Whom was she with?"

"Monsieur Beaujon and a gentleman."

"I thought she knew no gentlemen. Was he young and handsome?"

"He is a judge of good looks."

"But why did you not join her, and find out who it was? I am sure you must have left her to other agreeable acquaintances, and ceased to remember me. I have no mind to wait in the cold myself, and nothing can prevent me."

Honorine knew Madame Beaujon came to give his lesson, Honorine greeted him by endeavoring to detain the plans, and hurrying past it, with an air which might be interpreted into a desire to avoid the chance of a conversation.

"I want no music to-day—I am not in the very humor for it. I do not mean to take lessons. I want to see Mademoiselle Sylvie, and Monsieur Beaujon will see that you would not allow me to linger until she came out but Sylvie. I tell you I must and will see her, and I cannot call at her present lodgings, for you say she has left them, and you know that it would be dangerously ill; besides, I suppose it would not be proper for my brother to accompany me there. Monsieur Beaujon is in Your room and me to go with a domestic. Now that Mademoiselle Sylvie's success is secured, why does she not occupy apartments where I could visit her? Why does she not live with her father and you?"

"To hear is to obey !" replied Beaujon, good-humoredly. "As your suggestion is unexceptionably wise, I will promise to act upon it."

"But when will you see Mademoiselle Beaujon? and will you do *it at once*? yes, you must not delay! Such an impulsion to see Sylvie, and I have delays. Do go in search of apartments instantly. Monsieur Beaujon will see that you would not leave me here at your disposal."

Beaujon was only found it impossible to refuse, not he saw the propriety of the request and took his leave, promising to acquire the address of the young singer on his first visit to the Salle St. Cecile.

There was no difficulty in finding handsome or humble furnished apartments in Paris. An excellent one, in the Faubourg Antoine, in the Rue Ripaux, struck Maître Beaujon so favorably that he secured it on the day of Honorine's interview with his search. An entered, as our readers are probably aware, is the story between the ground floor (*rez de chaussé*) and the first story. The ceilings were high, the rooms large, and the appointments of residence than any other desirable portion of the town. The suite of rooms which Beaujon had musician combined elegance and economy—the latter being was absolutely necessary to Sylvie's limited income per month. The apartments consisted of a parlor, dining room, three bed rooms, kitchen, and small closet, opening from the parlor, without being showy, was convenient and abundant, and was in the most respectable condition.

The *concierge* recommended two excellent female servants, who were engaged by Sylvie between them. After making an appointment to meet these accompany definitions to the house, as the morrow, Beaujon returned to the *Rue Neuve des Petits Champs*.

"Ask Mademoiselle de St. Amar," he said, to a servant, "if she will allow me to give her a few moments."

Honorine came dancing into the room, scowling at the sight of Beaujon.

Beaujon's prompt execution of her orders had left her no excuse for refusing the interview to be thought of on that day. "Her manner must get at once," said to Sylvie, and greeted her in a speedy removal."

This command of the self-constituted Maître Beaujon was given with such grateful that it performances that the musician had no alternative but to obey.

The Marquis had been unusually taciturn during his daughter's recital.

"Are you not glad, brother? Are you not rejoiced that we shall be able to see Mademoiselle Sylvie once more? Now there surely can be no impropriety in my visiting her, and a year accompanying me. Say, are you not glad?"

"I am always glad to see you, my child, my sister," replied the Marquis, with inexplicable energy.

A few moments after, he ordered his phaeton, and left the house.

Shall we follow him on his mission through the streets of Paris?

The reader judge from the thoughtful, yes pressed, expression of his countenance, he has some particular object in view. He drives past Sylvie's depôt of pianos, and after carefully noting the number of the house, selects the finest, and orders it to be sent to the apartments selected for Monsieur de la Roche, in the Rue d'Angoulême, numero —.

The phaeton next drives up before a *Magasin de Meubles*, here he chooses a richly-carved, rosewood bedstead, rather diminutive in size, suitable to a small apartment, and desires it to be sent to the same locality as the pianos. After this he visits a *Magasin* celebrated for its collection of choice books; here he passes an hour, going from together a sufficient number of standard works to fill the shelves of the little library, and kindly writing a line in each volume. The next

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

NOBODY ever was an author on forty wrong, when under the excitement of doing it.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

HOME.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"Under a fair sky of a new hue, in a more compact, then definite form is seen the earth's home."
HUMBOLDT'S COSMOS, 2D chapter, 2nd vol.

I see them by their wintry fire,
The children gathering round their sire:
The cheerful hum, with flickering light,
Bird's dancing o'er their glowing cheek,
And mingle the care for pomp or show
Commingled with that ruddy glow;
Their simple lore was what the heed
Taught to be learned while blazing high
While knick and merry cricket's song
Rung o'er it from every hearth and floor.

But, some there are, unwisely led
By study, to cast mother's home
Instead, in lone, like floating dust,
Dependence, written on their face:
To curious eyes, perchance, they soon
In literary and pride to drawn;
Yet must they still, with bit sadness,
The welcome cold of brotherhood,
And view the humble home with scorn
Which they should love and bless.

Hartford, Conn., Dec. 20th, 1841.

HUNTING THE BISON.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Sixty years ago, the American bison—more commonly, though not correctly, called the buffalo—had his range as far eastward as the states of Illinois, Indiana, and Kentucky; but he is an animal which is constantly retiring before the march of civilization, and now he must be hunted on those great prairies which stretch away from the base of the Rocky Mountains. Here, on some of these vast plains, he may still be found, either in small or mighty herds, constantly roving to and fro, changing his location with the season, so that even the experienced hunter cannot tell by his appearance in one section of the country this summer, where he may be hunted for the next.

The bison is naturally a peaceable animal, and seldom molests any of his neighbors, if not his own genus or species, unless first molested himself; and then he sometimes becomes dangerous to his whole race, even to the smallest insect. His habits are much the same as our domestic cattle, in feeding, drinking, running, chewing the cud, hooks and tail, kicking to the right and left, or standing first to his foe, to his friend, pawing the earth with his fore foot, bellowing forth his bullies or furious anger and defiance, and charging upon his antagonist with all his speed and strength. He seems most at home when he can in a large herd of his fellows; and these droves are sometimes so immense as to render it almost a most credulous to doubt the truthful reports of eye-witnesses, who declare that they are seen by thousands, and tens of thousands, and hundreds of thousands, covering the earth for miles and miles of ground, dotting the earth as thick as they could stand, even beyond the reach of sight from any given point.

The bison, like all animals in a wild state, has a perfect sense of smell, and if the hunter comes to say where new him to the windward, his keen sense of smell at once detects the approximate proximity, and he forthwith rushes away in the widest attack. A whole wind of bisons, when once set in motion from this or a similar cause—the flight of one or a few being sufficient—seems to be many—and then grand and terrible is the mighty stampede—the earth fairly trembling and quaking under the moving mass. We to whatever living thing gets in the way of this awful stream of life! thousands on thousands of slaughtered foe fall upon and trample to death in a sluggish death. The animals in the front rank have no choice; pressed by thousands behind, they must go on, all the same as though hunted throughout the whole rolling body.

The bison, though so numerous, is a constantly meeting death in every conceivable form. Hundreds and thousands are annually killed by the muddy beds of streams which they have attempted to cross; hundreds and thousands are engulfed in the cold waters of some ice-bound river, upon which they have ventured in the hope to; boars seek them, wolves devour them, and man slaughters them without any consideration for a worthy purpose, sometimes in mere wanton sport.

The Indians consider these animals their legitimate property, placed upon the great Western Great Spirit for their especial benefit. They have their regular days of killing them—by running them over precipices, where they are dashed to pieces—by driving them into pens, constructed for the purpose, where crowds of squaws and children can take part in the subsequent butchery—and by riding by among the herd, and shooting their steel-pointed arrows through their hearts.

The writer of the present sketch has formerly hunts on horse-back, with rifles and holster pistols, each man selecting his favorite animal from each side of him on his high-mettled steed, and flying into the charge after charge, with the hunters and fall.

An old buffalo bull is hard to kill. He has been known to rut more than a mile after a ball has passed directly through his heart. Many a hunter has been known to escape after more than twenty balls have pierced some part of his body. When wounded and at bay, he is a dangerous animal to approach; for he will make a charge suddenly upon his assailant, and then so to both horse and rider if they do not steer his way by the greatest activity. If only mortally wounded, he will generally bleed from the mouth and nose, but he will not go down at once, but sometimes—nothing his foot wider and wider apart to as to facilitate giving way—stand for half an hour, bay over and filling dead upon his side with a heavy moan.

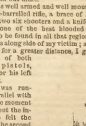
Captain Israel Florence, who was for some years connected with the Indian commissariat service in the Far West, has given us an account of an adventure he once had with an old bull, which we will endeavor to record as nearly as possible in his own language:

"Early one morning, a small party of us started out from Fort Union, on the Missouri, for a day's sport. Crossing the river, we pushed directly for an adjacent prairie, where a herd of bisons, or buffaloes, had been seen feeding the day previous. It did not follow from this that we should find the animals there now; for the roving habit of the bison seldom leaves it long in one place—and especially in the fall, or breeding-time, we were more surprised than disappointed in discovering the entire herd of the game we had come to seek.

"Consisting of this herd, we ascended some rugged hills to a more undulating prairie above, and there were given positions by the aging men of a small herd quietly feeding in one of the hollows of the rolling land. As the wind was blowing from them toward us, we did not fear their scenting us; and if we could only avoid being seen till we reached the base of a ridge, which stood at an angle from the one we were on, we could approach so near them as to render their escape impossible.

"This we succeeded in doing; and when we appeared upon the brow of the other ridge, we were scarcely more than a hundred yards distant from the nearest.

"The bisons saw us, however, the instant we again came in sight; and with loud bellows of alarm they bounded away; and with wild shouts



for victory, we rushed our horses down the slope in eager chase. The herd numbered two—six rows and four bulls; and selecting one of the latter for my skill, the largest and finest old fellow of all, I pointed him out to my companions, and covered them, in Western parlance, that he was 'my meat,' and that no balls must touch him but mine.

"I was well armed and well mounted—having a double-barrelled rifle, a brace of large holster pistols, two six shooters and a knife, and sitting astride one of the best blooded and fleetest horses to be found in all that region. In a minute I was riding side of my victim; and reserving my rifle for a greater distance, I gave him the contents of both barrels, aiming for his left shoulder.

"He was running parallel with me at the moment I fired; but the instant he felt the sting of the second ball, both of which served rather to enrage than to cripple him, he turned with savage bellow, and wheeled so suddenly upon my horse, that only by the very quickest sheering and spurring was he able to elude his attack, and being furious of my boldness, I again wheeled and charged upon my horse, and this time I was more successful in my aim. I was now within a few feet of him, and as he was turning to meet me, I fired one ball directly into his heart, and the other into his brain, the lightning and the former killing him instantly for me the deed was done after him, and then everything about his lungs, bushy head, and bellowed forth his anger.

"I got upon my feet as quick as I could, and found myself unharmed; but my rifle, which was to my hand when I fell, was so damaged as to be useless. One of the pistols, in applying it, had not so amiable mood, the ball turned, and, seeing me, as soon as I rose to my feet, made a furious charge. I ran a short distance, and then, as he was almost mounted upon me, I fell on the point of goring and tossing me, I leaped aside, and his plunging, infuriated monster was obliged to pass me. As he did so, I gave him the contents of my pistol, one of my companions, which served only to render him more furious, and the next moment he was after me again. This was repeated some three or four times—he barely escaping a bloody death as it were by a miracle.

"Meantime a couple of my friends, who were in hot pursuit of other bisons, came within gunshot range, came riding up with all speed, and at their suggestion, the wounded brute turned and fled. One of the two was about to follow and shoot him, but I begged him not to touch the animal, as he was 'my meat,' and I was determined to finish him myself.

"If you will have the kindness to catch my horse, I said, 'I will attempt to reload my pistols, to take my revenge on the beast with my own hand.'

"My horse, after running some distance, had stopped, and, under standing still, with ears pricked head and tail, looking off toward the bellowing and wounded bull, and seemingly with his fear and displeasure. He was sadly enough; but in a very brief time I was again in the saddle, and once more in hot pursuit with my reloaded guns.

"My wounded bull had not attempted to join the herd—but was making off by himself toward an elevated point, from which he could look upon bluff overhung the river—and the great animal was moving with considerable speed, both of him again. Warned by the accident which had so nearly proved fatal to me, I resolved not to ride too close; but when near enough for my shots to take effect, I dismounted, and ordered my revolvers into his side. They might have been so many pop-guns, for any execution they did, and perceive they accomplished: and when I had fired the last ball, which did not appear to even wound, I felt excessively chagrined at the result.

"The bison now seemed steadily escaping me, and I had not a single weapon loaded, save my two holster-pistols which would carry a ball nearly enough for the purpose, and generally be made dependence, having been put aside as useless. My rifle was useless, my knife, my fowling gun, was to re-load the larger weapons, and either must be within a few feet of my victim to give him by breaking his fore-shoulder.

"But I was not to be foiled in a chicken my speed; and the bison, keeping steadily on, was soon a considerable distance in advance of me and the bluff I have mentioned, before I was ready to pursue him. I had a fleet and stanch mare, and I again overtook him within a hundred rods of the high bank; and determined to close in with him at once, and to the utmost of my skill, and if possible, to end the chase.

"A wild bellow of rage and pain, and a bellowing forward on three legs, announced the result of my shot, and I knew that I had won the victory. I fired the other pistol, aiming for his heart. The bison fell upon his knees, and rolled from the nose and mouth smeared me that at last he should not escape his death-wounds. I reconnoitred on a short distance further, and then stopped, half in doubt, half in fear, loaded freely, and uttered a low, mooning sound. I rode up rapidly, and my fear necessary was at an end, and halting almost in front of the beast, began to load my weapons, watching him all the while.

"I at first he seemed to take no notice of me whatever, and I was prepared to see him roll over dead at my approach; but suddenly, with a wild bellow, he charged directly upon me. My horse reared with a sort of terror; and before I could gather up the reins to control him, he was upon the very verge of the awful precipice. I was powerless to save myself, and my horse then brought him bounding to the fearful descent —when, perceiving his danger, he made a powerful recoil. He might perhaps have saved himself, but at that instant the maddened bull struck and gored him in the flank, and the whole three of us went bounding down together. My horse was killed by the fall, and so was the bison; my providentially I escaped with nothing worse than a heavy shock to my whole system.

"Since then," concluded the captain, "I have ravaged myself on many an old bull of the prairies; but I have always shown better sense than to venture too near one that was wounded, and then literally put my head in the lion's mouth."

No man would overcome and endure solitude if he did not cherish the hope of a social circle in the future, or the imagination of an invisible one in the present.

PLAIN TALK TO MEN AND ABOUT MEN.

BY ONE WHO KNOWS THEM.

Did you ever hear a woman venture an opinion on politics in the presence of her husband?

Was it not rich, in the first creation, to observe the supercilious smile with which my lord turned upon her, to inform her that "Women do not understand politics."

Perhaps he was right; but the only reason why they don't understand them is because man has so polluted them.

A woman speaks of business, and there is an instant stinging to cog her.

"What does a woman understand of business?" secretfully asks my lord, and he straightway proceeds to try to mystify and confound her by his representations of the magnitude and abstruseness of the case.

"You have no trouble worth the name," he says, "I know all your domestic affairs. You are always annoying me with them. *My* troubles are beyond you."

A good deal he keeps them to himself!

He is nervous in saying he don't tell her. But in his store, and among his male companions, he tongue flies the mails. Then, if he has a chance, chattering and scolding like a very Xantippe; but when he gets home, he shuts up, for fear that his wife will ask too many questions; and then he has to be sent the facetious quotation that he keeps silence because he don't wish to annoy her. But who believes that story, when they see how he enjoys tormenting her in other ways, and how very, very little pains he takes to spare her annoyance? Annoyance, indeed! Distress, not sans nature, distinctively, that stir the sympathies, and call forth the active mind would show the same traits.

"Women have no troubles," is his favorite consolation, "I know all your affairs." Even if he were always annoying me with them. *My* troubles are beyond."

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